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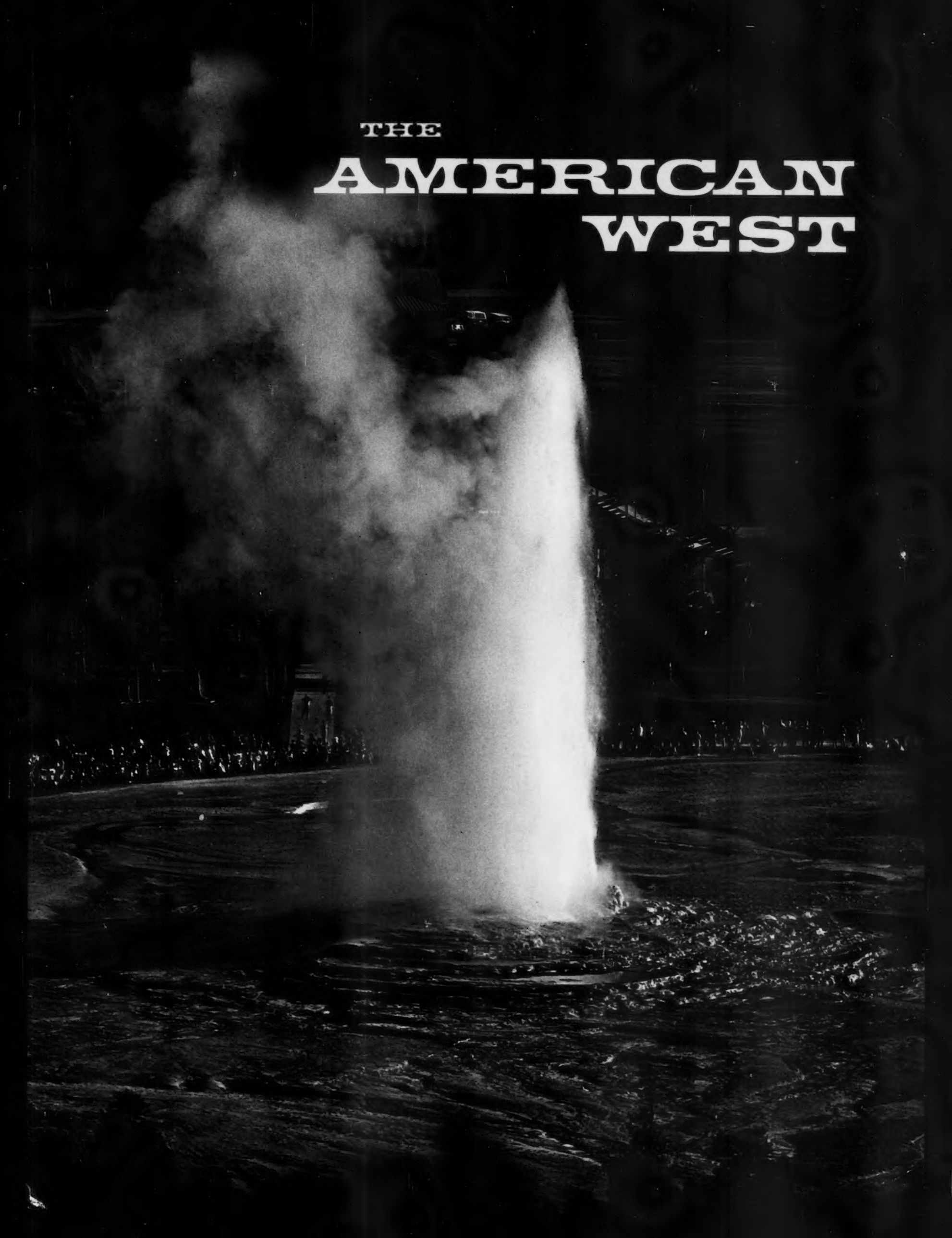

COVER: Old Faithful, the most spectacular geyser in Yellowstone National Park, delights and awes visitors today just as it did when the park was established one hundred years ago.

(Photograph by David Muench)

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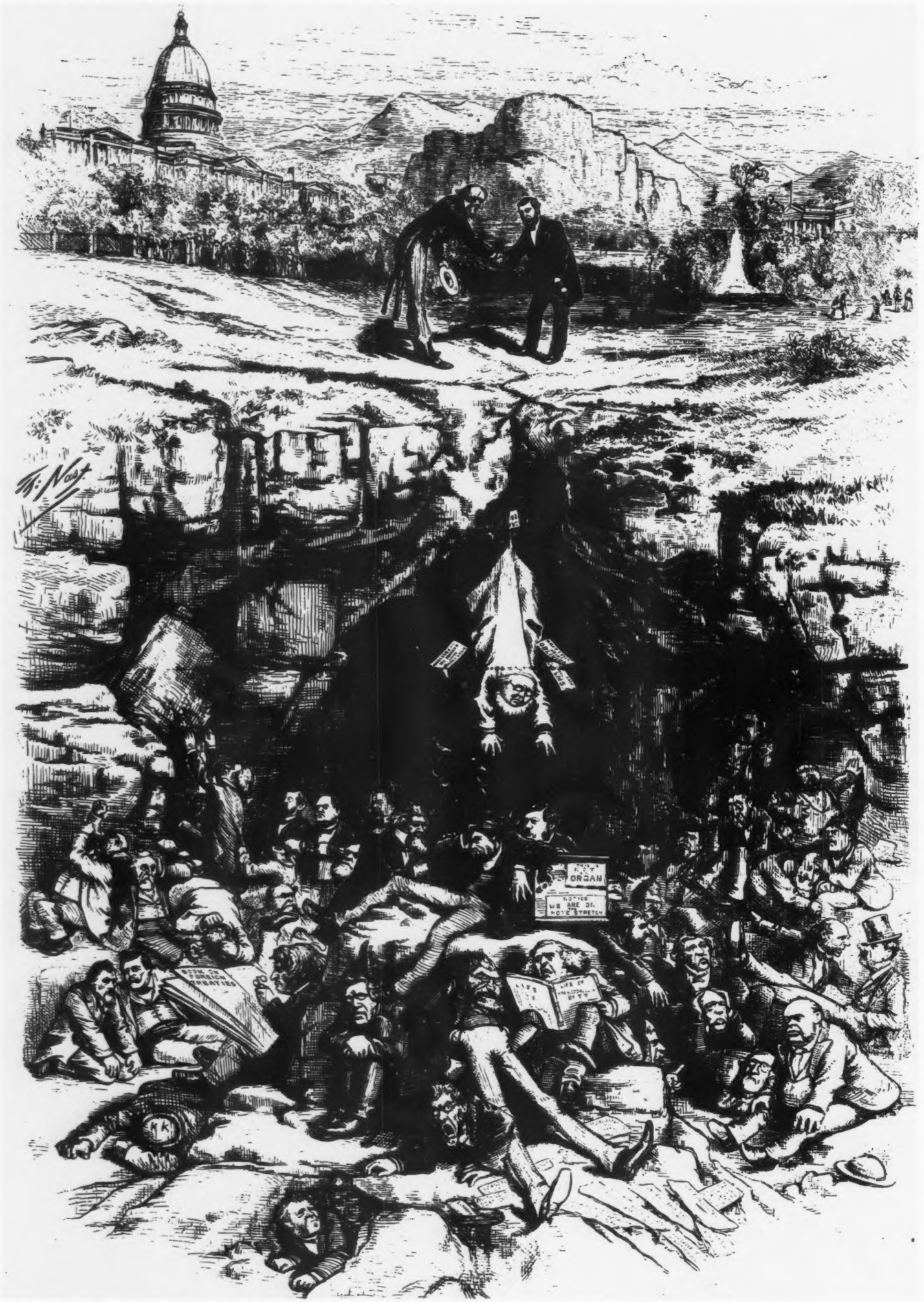

"Clasping Hands Over the Bloodless Sarchasm"—the aftermath of the 1872 presidential campaign between Ulysses S. Grant and Horace Greeley, as viewed by famous editorial cartoonist Thomas Nast.

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The boy-soldier of San Jacinto.

William Walker — physician, journalist, politician, and soldier of fortune.

The Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny

By Walter W. Crites

IN A SMALL TOWN in San Jacinto, Nicaragua, there is a statue of a young boy-soldier, who, when out of ammunition for his musket loader, slew a foreign invader with a well-thrown rock; he is now revered by Nicaraguans as a symbol of the fight against Yankee filibustering. Farther south, in San Jose, Costa Rica, another statue stands in a public square—this one of a stern-faced woman with her foot in an unladylike position, on the neck of an American filibuster. She, too, is revered by Latin Americans for single-handedly turning the tide of war in her country's favor. In Truxillo, Honduras, a town north of both countries, lies the now concrete-covered grave of one of America's greatest filibusters and idealists, a man who shaped the ultimate destiny of Central America and the first and only American to be elected president of a foreign country.

The filibuster was William Walker, eldest son of a Scotch-born Nashville merchant. Born in 1824, young Walker was educated for the ministry by his three-times-to-church-on-Sunday father. By the time he was ready to enter theological school, however, young Walker had decided that he preferred M.D. instead of D.D. after his name. Much to his father's disappointment, he entered the University of Nashville, graduating *summa cum laude* at fourteen, and at nineteen obtained his medical degree from the University of Philadelphia.

While doing post-graduate work in Europe, Walker became an enthusiastic adherent of mesmerism, partly because of its popularity there and partly because of the possible pain-relieving powers of hypnotic surgery (no effective anesthetic had yet been perfected). Because of his penetrating gray eyes, he was himself able to utilize its widely heralded powers. Walker's unusual eyes, which "burned with a cold-gray fire," were in fact his most startling feature—an attribute he advantageously used in personal confrontations.

The wretched and ill-equipped hospitals of the early nineteenth century and his mother near death from the pain of incurable rheumatism turned him against medicine as a profession. Moving to New Orleans, he took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and formed a partnership with his good friend Edmund Randolph. But he soon found that

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Figures in Walker's turbulent life included poet Joaquin Miller (left) of La Falange Americana, Capt. Callender Fayssoux (center) of the Nicaraguan Navy, and Gen. Santos Guardiola (right) of the Nicaraguan Legitimist forces.

briefs and summonses were scarcely more to his liking than prescriptions and pills; so with characteristic decisiveness, he dissolved his partnership and closed his law office, obtaining a position as an editorial writer on the *New Orleans Crescent*.

Within a year, the restlessness which had led him to abandon the church, medicine, and the bar caused him also to give up New Orleans for California, where gold fever was at its zenith. But it was not riches that Walker desired. Through friends, he was soon on the staff of the *San Francisco Herald*, one of the youngest of the city's newspapers.

The *Herald* advocated free trade and the right of divorce, and opposed the introduction of slavery into California. (The *New Orleans Crescent* had also been anti-slavery, a point confusing to historians in light of Walker's later actions).

Walker's ambitions were political in a sense, as he entered local politics through his pen, attacking the notorious chief judge of the district court, Levi Parsons, as being corrupt. The *Herald* and Walker were promptly summoned to court by Parsons, found guilty of contempt, and fined five hundred dollars. When Walker refused to pay, he was slapped into jail, where he remained until a reluctant superior court issued a writ of *habeas corpus* ten days later.

Parsons was not without friends, and Walker was soon challenged to a pistol duel by Graham Hicks, known for his deadly skill with the revolver. Dueling was then the most popular spectator sport in the city, and as soon as the match became known, the site was ringed with onlookers. The fact that Walker had fought four revolver duels in his life without wounding a single antagonist led some to believe his marksmanship was poor. The chivalrous Walker, however, had an aversion to this form of cold-blooded killing and deliberately shot into the ground with the expectation that his opponents would do the same.

Dueling at eight paces, Walker got his shot off first, with his usual effect. Hicks, however, felt no obligations to *noblesse*. His shot, intended to kill, went through the upper part of Walker's arm near the shoulder, just missing the bone. What followed made a great impression on the spectators. Showing no sign of pain, Walker raised his pistol, motioning to Hicks that they should take a second shot. Hicks, unable to honorably decline, agreed. Before they could raise their pistols, however, the seconds intervened, and the duel was terminated.

In Walker's time, a gentleman's conduct in a duel was taken as an important test of character. The fortitude with which

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In their first battle on Nicaraguan soil, at Rivas, Walker's "Immortals" were badly beaten but emerged as popular heroes.

General Walker's headquarters in Granada appears much as it did during the 1850s.

Walker bore the wound inflicted by Hicks and the anger that made him want to continue the duel immediately established his reputation. In the San Francisco of the 1850s, men were attracted to his leadership and clamored for his attention.

The controversy with Parsons soon died, and Walker, unable to dislodge Parsons from his seat, tired of the editorial gambit. His political aspiration, however, still burned, and like many boys raised in the chivalrous South, his thoughts encompassed new frontiers, namely the wild and savage regions of Sonora and Baja California, both part of Mexico.

With the aid of his close friends Edmund Randolph and Parker Crittenden—but without one iota of military background—Walker raised funds to recruit and outfit an expedition to take up where the French Count Gaston Raoul de Raousset-Boulbon had left off in his abortive attempt to wrest Sonora (which then included the rich gold and silver fields of Arizona) from Mexico.

Walker's avowed object was purely humanitarian: he wanted to protect the women and children living along the Mexican frontier from massacre by the Apache Indians. He was driven by idealism and ambition—an irrepressible combination. In the name of the United States, right, and justice, his ambitions pointed toward his overcoming the common yoke of oppression.

The absurdity of the fact that William Walker, at age twenty-nine, with no military acumen whatsoever, would even consider a military excursion against insurmountable odds did not deter him. There was in Walker that touch of fanaticism required to ignore public opinion when it did not agree with him. Heroism was his true calling, and like Count Raousset, another romantic, Walker could not resist the opportunity to risk everything for a noble purpose.

That he emerged as a harsh disciplinarian in the eyes of many and returned empty-handed did not lessen the admiration of men reading of the ill-fated expedition to Lower California in the periodicals of the time. What they saw was a boyish, slight, physically unimpressive man, with an indomitable will and searching gray eyes, who led a column consisting originally of forty-five men into a land so barren that even the lizards scrambled for an existence.

Their shoes wore out, and the men marched barefoot over sun-scorched rocks and needle cactus, leaving a crimson trail in the sand. Their provisions exhausted, they ate only what they killed on the march. It is said that for years afterwards, the route of that ill-fated expedition could be traced from La Paz to the Colorado River by the bleaching skeletons of those who fell by the way. By the time the head of the Gulf of California was reached the expedition had dwindled to a handful of men. It became a question, not of conquering Sonora, but simply of getting back to California alive.

With sinking heart, but imperturbable face, Walker led his band of starving, fever-racked, exhausted men toward the California border. Three miles of road led through a mountain pass into the United States and safety—a pass held by a band of Mexican soldier-outlaws and their Indian allies, under a Colonel Melendrez. Ironically, Walker and his men, from their position in the pass, could probably see the American flag fluttering over the U.S. military post just north of the little town of Tia Juana.

Under a flag of truce, several Indians bore a message from the Mexican colonel granting the filibusters permission to leave the country unmolested if they surrendered their arms. They sent back word that if Melendrez wanted their weapons, he would have to take them. Hiding some men in ambush,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY WEBBER

The Cathedral of San Francisco in Granada (reconstructed, above) was destroyed by Walker's forces when he abandoned the country in 1857.

The cathedral's walls still bear scars of fire and shell from Walker's "Immortals."

Walker's remaining forces pretended a panic-stricken retreat. Melendrez, fooled into thinking he had routed Walker, swept his men down the road in pursuit. As they rode by Walker's emplaced troops, a dozen saddles were emptied by the filibusters' first volley of fire. Terrified and demoralized, the others fled. Thirty minutes later Walker is quoted as saying, "I am Colonel William Walker; I wish to surrender my force to the United States." The date was May 8, 1854, his thirtieth birthday.

IN THOSE DAYS, before railways and telegraph lines crossed the continent, it was a tremendous task to keep the Pacific Coast in touch with the East—but a task that had to be accomplished if California was to remain a part of the Union.

The earliest settlers had migrated across the plains or around Cape Horn, but these long and dangerous routes so impeded progress that another route had to be found. Accordingly, one American company, headed by financier George Law, began building a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, and a second, the Accessory Transit Company owned by Commo. Cornelius Vanderbilt, had obtained the rights to construct a canal through Nicaragua.

Subsequent surveys disproved the feasibility of a canal, considering the construction techniques of the times. Commodore Vanderbilt, however, did not enjoy the reputation of a quitter and therefore devised another plan. He began transporting freight, mail, and passengers by ocean steamer to Greytown, Nicaragua's Atlantic port, then by small steamers a hundred miles up the San Juan River to the great inland Lake Nicaragua. The journey across Lake Nicaragua to Virgin Bay was by especially designed lake steamer; from there, a twelve-mile carriage ride brought passengers to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific side, where they completed the journey to California in another relay of ocean steamers.

Travelers through Nicaragua brought to California reports of the chaotic conditions there—a succession of fifteen presidents in a period of six years. One such traveler was Byron Cole, a California business associate of William Walker. On August 15, 1854, Cole, his eyes always open to a prosperous venture, sailed on the *Transit* steamer for San Juan del Sur to see what American enterprise might accomplish in Nicaragua.

Proceeding from San Juan del Sur to León, the seat of the Liberal, or Democratic, party headed by Francisco Castellon, Cole made a novel offer to supply the Democrats with three hundred American "colonists liable to military duty." Castellon offered regular payment for their services and a grant of land for each at the end of the campaign. Elated, Cole rushed back to California and submitted the contract to Walker. The lawyer's trained eye, however, saw that the contract language was rather bold, and that action under it would constitute a literal violation of the Neutrality Laws and could involve the participants in a myriad of legal difficulties with the United States government.

Walker, therefore, demurred and suggested that Cole return to Nicaragua to obtain a colonization grant. With the colonization grant in his pocket, Cole again returned to California. Walker then took the precaution of submitting the contract to the civil and military authorities in San Francisco, who promply gave their assurances that it did not violate the Neutrality Laws of the United States. Walker immediately set about recruiting his "colonists," and in May 1855, just a year after his flight from Mexico, he was ready to sail.

On May 4, 1855, the *Vesta* bore Walker and his advanced

guard of fifty-eight hand-picked men away to the south. After a stormy voyage of five weeks, this contingent, known as the "Immortals," jubilantly sighted the cone of Volcán Cosigüina. Landing on June 16, Walker and his men disembarked at the port of Realejo, Nicaragua, where they met Castellon. Walker was at once commissioned a colonel. The "Immortals" were organized as an independent command under the name of *La Falange Americana,* the American Phalanx.

At this time, the Accessory Transit Company route from the Atlantic to the Pacific was held by the Legitimist forces. These forces, Walker felt, must be dislodged in order to win over the country. Although it was essential to the success of the Democrats to gain possession of this interoceanic highway, neither Castellon nor his field general Muñoz were interested in the country south of Granada, but would rather use it as a buffer zone between them and Costa Rica.

When Walker independently announced that his first objective was control of the Transit route, he immediately alienated General Muñoz and elicited feeble objections from Castellon. The *Falange,* however, was needed by the Democratic Nicaraguan forces. When Walker demanded native troop support and threatened to take his fifty-eight "Immortals" to Honduras to help General Cabañaz in his revolutionary cause, Castellon, over Muñoz's objections, agreed to Walker's demands.

Accordingly, a week after setting foot in Nicaragua, Walker led fifty-eight "Californians," who actually hailed from around the world, and one hundred fifty native conscripts toward Rivas, a town on the western shore of Lake Nicaragua, located strategically along the Transit route.

The first battle of his Nicaraguan campaign ended in nearly complete disaster. Although the Democratic forces took all possible precautions, the enemy had been forewarned, reportedly through the treachery of General Muñoz. The Legitimists did not ambush Walker's forces as they struggled through the wilderness, probably because Central Americans of the time invariably preferred to fight in towns. So, although they outnumbered Walker's American forces ten to one, they waited for him to attack. The waiting troops, under the command of a notorious Honduran general, Santos Guardiola, were far more numerous than Walker had been given reason to expect. Guardiola, who had come to Nicaragua to aid the Legitimists, was appropriately known to all Central America as "The Butcher," and the terror of his name was enough to weaken the morale of Walker's Nicaraguan conscripts.

To the native conscript troops, "allegiance" meant every man for himself, and at the first volley they bolted, leaving the Americans and a handful of loyal Nicaraguans surrounded by ten times their number of Legitimists.

In the first few minutes of fighting, six of Walker's men were killed. Hard pressed by the enemy, the *Falange* took shelter in some adobe huts atop a hill. No one knew better than Walker that if the enemy charged, he and his men were

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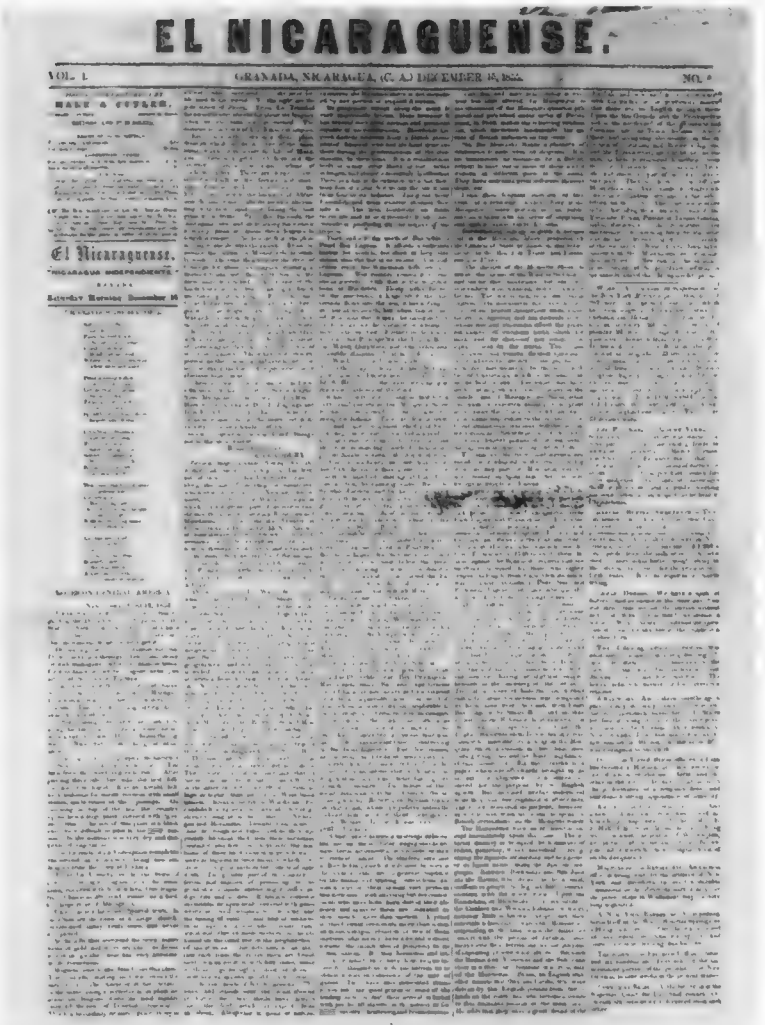

EL NICARAGUENSE.

VOL. I. GRANADA, NICARAGUA, (C. A.) DECEMBER 15, 1855. NO. 9

El Nicaraguense.

Walker's English and Spanish language newspaper* El Nicaraguense *was responsible for naming him as the long-awaited "gray-eyed man of destiny."

through, so he decided to do the charging himself. Out from behind the huts dashed the red-shirted filibusters, firing and yelling as they came. So ferocious was their onslaught that the enemy weakened, allowing the *Falange* to cut their way through the encircling army and escape into the forest.

Although classically defeated in a strict sense, Walker and his band of filibusters, having killed over one hundred fifty of the enemy while losing only six men, emerged as heroes once again.

Bearing in mind the necessity of gaining control of the Transit route, Walker allowed his men only a few days to recover from their wounds and weariness before striking again, this time at Virgin Bay, the halting place for passengers going east or west. Although outnumbered five to one in this fight, only three loyal natives were killed and a few Americans wounded, while the *Falange* again levied a toll of over one hundred fifty enemy dead. Walker's reputation as a fighter was growing, and the Latins now recognized that the man with the haunting gray eyes—whether they faced or followed him —was no ordinary man.

After the fight at Virgin Bay, Walker received fifty recruits from California and a new supply of native troops—this time, at Walker's insistence, all volunteers. The filibusters had found out early that the Nicaraguan conscript, only a few years out of the Stone Age, became familiar with using his rifle under fire only if both were securely tied to a tree. The Legitimists, learning that the foreigners were planning to attack Rivas again, reinforced their garrison with troops from nearby Granada.

Walker, through his own channels of information, soon learned of Granada's weakened defenses and secretly made counter-plans. Dawn found them sailing for Granada, where the remaining garrison and inhabitants were sleeping off a victory celebration.

Unobserved, the Americans and their native troops landed before dawn. Not until they reached the outskirts of the town were they spotted and fired at by a sentry. The alarm, however, was too late, and in a few minutes the town was in the hands of the filibusters. There was scarcely a battle and little bloodshed. "The encounter," Walker later wrote, "could scarcely be dignified with the name of an action."

Few triumphs have been more effective. Overnight, Walker, the military adventurer, became the leading figure in the nation. With both major cities, León and Granada, under his control, he ruled the country.

WALKER WAS NOW IN A POSITION to dictate his own terms of peace. Four months after he and his "Immortals" landed in Nicaragua, an armistice was arranged, and the party to which the Americans had lent aid was in power. A native politician named Rivas was made provisional president, and Walker was appointed commander in chief of the army, which by then numbered about twelve hundred men.

Though insignificant in number by European standards, Walker's force was truly remarkable and, for its size, one of the most effective in military history. The officers had all seen service under many flags and in many lands—in Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, Spain, Algeria, Italy, Egypt, Russia, India, Hungary, and China.

The men, nearly all recruited in San Francisco, boasted that "California was the pick of the world, and they were the pick of California." It was common talk that there was scarcely a man among the group who could not flick the ashes from a cigar with his revolver at a hundred feet, or with his rifle hit a dollar held between a man's thumb and forefinger at a hundred yards. Many of those for whom the gold fields of California had become too tame were drawn to Walker's star. Surgical reports showed that the filibusters suffered one hundred thirty-seven wounds for every hundred men during their campaigns.

Aware that the country was now at peace and in the mood for a stable government, Provisional President Rivas called a presidential election, naming himself as the prime candidate. The Legitimists, recognizing Walker as the one strong man in the country, had the political shrewdness to choose their former enemy to head their faction. When all the votes were in, Walker was named president of Nicaragua by an overwhelming majority—the first and only time an American has been chosen ruler of a foreign and independent state.

Shortly after his capture of Granada, Walker founded a weekly newspaper, *El Nicaraguense,* which sold for ten dollars a year, or twenty cents per copy. This paper, published in English and Spanish, was responsible for the sobriquet "Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny." The December 8, 1855, issue referred to a book by Frederick Crowse entitled *The Gospel in Central America,* which relates an Indian legend that one day they would be freed from the oppression of the Spanish by a "Gray-Eyed Man." *El Nicaraguense* went on to say, "The prophecy is deemed by the Indians as fulfilled; for last week we saw in Granada a delegation of them, who rarely visit this city, who desired to see General Walker. They were charmed by his gentle reception, and offered him their heartfelt thanks for their liberation from oppression. They laid at his feet the simple offering of their fruits and fields, and hailed him as the Gray-Eyed Man so long and anxiously awaited by their fathers."

After his consolidation of the country, Walker's most notable—and notorious—piece of legislation was the revival of slavery. In New Orleans, and later San Francisco, Walker had espoused an antislavery stand. In his editorials he had professed belief that the Negro should be free. Now, however, when he had something to gain from the "peculiar institution" —he did an about-face.

On April 17, 1824, the Confederated Congress of Central America had abolished slavery, introduced to the Americas by the Spanish. On September 22, 1856, Walker declared that enactment null and void. The effect of the slavery decision, regardless of the South's increased support, was to isolate Walker. Even today, this is foremost in the minds of many Latins when Walker's name is discussed.

Investigating national affairs, Walker discovered that Commodore Vanderbilt's Accessory Transit Company had defrauded the Nicaraguan government of a sizable sum of money. Putting idealism ahead of prudence, Walker revoked Vanderbilt's charter and assigned it to the commodore's moneyed enemies. Outraged, Vanderbilt backed a competitive line and secretly began arming the Costa Ricans. Vanderbilt also secretly persuaded the British, who feared that America's Monroe Doctrine might forever bar them from Latin America, to interfere with Walker's control of eastern Nicaragua. Finally, through his influence with Secretary of State William Marcy, Vanderbilt successfully enlisted the U.S. Navy in his battle to oust Walker and regain control of the Transit route.

Walker, never a man to give up without a fight, challenged the might of the British Navy, even though his tiny republic boasted only one vessel, the *Granada.* Under the command of

Continued on page 70

The Boom of the Sunset Land,

A view of pre-megalopolis: Eagle Rock Valley, Southern California, before the boomtown of Glendale oozed over hill and dale.

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS after the American acquisition of California, Southern California sunned itself like a lizard. There was one brief flush of prosperity during the gold rush years, when the region's "cattle on a thousand hills" helped feed the miners and city-builders of the north, and throughout the period agriculture—particularly citrus fruits and viniculture—showed a steady growth. But for the most part the land south of the Tehachapi Range drifted in a backwash of time, changing remarkably little from the days when mission fathers had called their Indian charges in from the fields with chiming bells, and indolent *rancheros* with silver saddles and dark-eyed daughters ruled fiefdoms of grass.

Compared to the bustling vigor of San Francisco and Sacramento, the towns of Southern California seemed preserved in aspic—gelid in their development and more than a little primitive in their social character. San Diego and Santa Barbara had barely risen above village status, and the region's leading metropolis, *El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles del Rio de Porciúncula,* otherwise known as Los Angeles, could be described in 1860 as a "city of some 3,500 or 4,000 inhabitants, nearly a century old, a regular old Spanish-Mexican town," where "fifty to sixty murders per year have been common."

But "God made Southern California," as Charles F. Lummis once put it, "and made it on purpose." Blessed with a temperate climate, a varied and sometimes spectacular geography, excellent soils, and enough water (for the time) from its three principal rivers and thousands of artesian wells to make up for the lack of adequate rainfall, it was only a matter of time before Southern California began to blossom. When it did, it grew with an explosiveness that would shape its life and character for the next century.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, busily weaving all the strands that would give it nearly absolute rule over California's internal transportation, laid track down the west side of the San Joaquin Valley in the early 1870s, inched across the Tehachapis, and by 1876 had arrived in Los Angeles. Fat with federal land grants, the railroad needed people—people to buy its land, people to settle and develop the country, people to buy and sell goods shipped over Southern Pacific trackage at Southern Pacific rates.

In the railroad's view, what was good for the Southern Pacific was good for the country, and it began to ballyhoo

Southern California, 1887

By T. H. Watkins

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

the joys of the Golden State in one of the most intensive advertising campaigns in American history. Handbills, posters, brochures, pamphlets, newspaper advertisements, magazine articles, and books sprouted like morning glories all over the world. Lecturers braved the "chicken a la king circuit"; land offices popped up in Chicago, New York, London, and Hamburg; and land agents bent the ears of farmers from Iowa to Ireland: Eden was for sale.

The campaign had the desired results. By the middle of the 1880s, several new towns had been laid out and occupied, farming had increased profoundly, and Los Angeles had acquired a population of more than twenty thousand, most of whom shared the convictions of the *Los Angeles Times:* "All the world is interested in California. As of old, when search was instituted for the fountain of eternal youth, and men dreamed of drinking its waters and living forever, so men today turn their steps in the direction of the Gold State, looking for the springs of health which are hidden in its atmosphere. Better than the Utopias of the ancients is this modern Utopia of the Pacific. Better than the Gardens of Hesperides, with their golden fruits, the gardens of this sunset land."

That was only the beginning. In 1882, the Southern Pacific completed its "Sunset Route" from Los Angeles to New Orleans, giving it a monopoly on the southern transcontinental route, but late in 1885 the Santa Fe Railroad completed its own line from Kansas City to Los Angeles and San Diego. The two railroads entered into a rate war on passenger fares in 1886 and 1887, which saw the one-way price from points in the Missouri valley drop from $125 to $100, from $100 to $50, from $50 to $25—and finally, on March 6, 1887, fares opened at $12, fell to $4 within three hours, and at noon plummeted all the way down to a single dollar.

The combination of inducement and opportunity was irresistible. More than three hundred thousand people who had been hearing about Southern California for more than ten years decided to pack up and see for themselves. The boom—the *big* boom—was on.

This article is based on material from an illustrated history of California by T. H. Watkins, to be published in the spring of 1973 by the American West Publishing Company.

SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK

PEREMPTORY AUCTION SALE
ON LIBERAL CREDIT!
FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO
LOS ANGELES IMPROVEMENT CO.
33 SOUTH SPRING STREET.
JESSE YARNELL, President.
E. A. HALL, Secretary.
NEWHALL'S SONS & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
225 and 227 Bush Street
San Francisco, Cal.
Take these Cable Cars at Corner of Spring and Second Streets, and go to the Property.
Make your Choice and Mark your Catalogue, Before the Day of Sale
SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1886,
At 11 o'Clock. A M.

As the trains came rattling in during the spring, summer, and fall of 1887, they spilled thirty to forty thousand people a month into Southern California. Fifty thousand wandered the streets of Los Angeles that year, another forty thousand boiled in San Diego, and thousands more fanned out into the warm countryside with money in their pockets and stars in their eyes. There weren't enough real estate agents to serve them all, but that problem was solved by the eager migration of veteran midwestern brokers, tract developers, auctioneers, and specialists in flim-flam who detected the sweet odor of other people's money.

Buying up chunks of railroad land and former Mexican ranchos, promoters built hotels and short-line railroads, laid out streets, sidewalks, and water lines, printed up magnificent brochures, maps, and bird's-eye views of their future metropolises. They brought the buyers out with free train rides, free barbecues, free band music, free lemonade, and something a little stronger here and there—everything free, "free as air."

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

Real estate agents fell upon Southern California "like flies upon a bowl of sugar" throughout 1887; above, one of them prepares to give some customers a tour of that slice of Eden called Fullerton.

Excursionists regard a bleak subdivision on Coronado Island, San Diego.

A hungry crowd prepares to dig into a mess of free barbecued beef at Morena, a tract laid out on the edge of Mission Bay, San Diego. They ate and ate, and bought and bought . . .

A TOWN IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, and the promotors of the big boom were not shy about making them—anywhere they could. In the Mojave Desert, Widneyville-by-the-Desert featured a stand of Joshua trees on whose spiny blossoms oranges had been impaled, thus creating an orange grove within the reach of all. In the Sierra Madre Mountains near the border of Los Angeles County, Border City had been laid out on a rocky promontory so bleak that, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, even crows and eagles would "have to carry well-filled haversacks with them as they fly over that inhospitable waste." Swamps, mudflats, deserts, dry river bottoms—no place was considered unsuitable for the development of "choice villa and residence sites."

Not all the towns and subdivisions—more than sixty of them, finally — were quite so fraudulent. Many survived, places like Glendale, Alhambra, Monrovia, and Westlake Park. Yet dozens more were as transient as smoke, and their names have a ghostly sound: Rosencrans, Walteria, Chicago Park, Dundee, Ivanhoe, Terracina, Morocco, La Ballona, Gladysta . . .

The selling of Monrovia, 1887.

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

These Lots are the

BEST OF INVESTMENTS,

and cannot fail to pay a handsome profit almost at once. Also,

BEAR IN MIND

that this property is ON THE HILLS, and on the line of the only Cable Railway System on the Pacific Coast outside of San Francisco.

No such opportunity has ever been offered the people of Southern California.

PURCHASE NOW! DON'T WAIT!

The most LIBERAL TERMS upon which this property is placed before the public, puts it

Within the Reach of All!

A small amount of money in a safe investment has been the stepping-stone to fortune

TITLES PERFECT!

LIBERAL CREDIT!

CHOICE BUILDING SITES!

A Cable Road running Direct from the Center of the City

EVERY LOT MUST CHANGE OWNERS.

Saturday, Jan'y 23d, 1886,

AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Developed to a fare-thee-well, Westlake Park, Los Angeles, was a survivor.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, HISTORY DIVISION

Potential investors—part of a crowd of one thousand—gather at San Diego's Ocean Beach to view property.

THE TOWNS WERE DREAM TOWNS at best, fabrications at worst, but with ten, twenty, or thirty dollars down and forever to pay, *everyone* was making money: buy today, trade up tomorrow, and the future has no end. "Millionaires of a day," in the classic words of Theodore C. Van Dyke, "went about sunning their teeth with checkbooks in their outside pockets." On the Sunday that the scene above was photographed, in April 1887, enough checkbooks were pulled from outside pockets of potential millionaires for twenty-five hundred lots to change hands.

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

Real estate values all over Southern California bloated incredibly. City lots in Los Angeles and San Diego went for thousands of dollars a front foot; former truck gardens and cattle browse were carved up and sold for ten thousand dollars an acre; on some days, nearly a million dollars in transactions took place. By the end of 1887, it was estimated that more than two hundred million dollars' worth of promises had been traded. Southern California was "the land of opportunity and one-dollar bills," and one man's paper money was as good as another's.

With money gone but humor intact, a group of Pennsylvanians gags it up for the photographer, 1888.

San Diego for sale, for sale, for sale . . .

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

AND THEN IT ENDED. No one seemed to know precisely why, but perhaps it was because people who had been making hundreds of thousands in paper money began running short of *real* money. In the lexicon of boom, any attempt to exchange the deed to a "sure-fire" fifty-thousand-dollar lot for a thousand dollars or so of real, negotiable, cash money is coldly regarded as a violation of the rules of the game; when enough people try, however, the game is over.

The boom ended in 1888, but the growth of the Sunset Land did not. There were cities now where there had been villages, and villages where there had been chaparral and creosote bush; farms were planted and irrigation companies formed; at least one hundred and thirty thousand of the boom's population remained to make the land their home; and in spite of paper profits and paper losses, the assessed real valuation of property in Los Angeles rose from eighteen million

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

dollars in 1886 to forty-six million in 1889. The more-or-less normal growth following the period of hysteria was as real as the anticipatory growth of the boom years had been hallucinatory, and the somewhat florid exclamations of one real estate firm in 1887 had, at least, the ring of prophecy: "Oh! generation of carkers and unbelievers, neither you nor we shall see that day of reckoning. . . . This boom is based on the simple fact that hereabouts the good Lord has created conditions of climate and health and beauty such as can be found nowhere else, in this or any other land, and until every acre of this earthly paradise is occupied, the influx will continue."

And so it did.

T. H. Watkins *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of* The Grand Colorado *(1969) and* Gold and Silver in the West *(1971), published by the American West Publishing Company.*

Poppy-picking at the end of the line in Altadena.

COLLECTION OF ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

A Rare Photograph of the Antagonists in the Gunfight at the OK Corral

By George Hart

EDITOR'S NOTE: This photograph, according to several experts, has never before been published. It is, upon the authority of author George Hart, a carte de visite *photograph of the main protagonists in the gunfight at the OK Corral in Tombstone, Arizona. We have made a careful examination of the features of each of the subjects, as well as comparisons with other photographs of these infamous characters, and have concluded that the photograph is probably authentic and, therefore, a remarkable contribution to the memorabilia of Western Americana.*

SIX OF THE SEVEN MEN depicted in the photo took part in the celebrated gunfight at the OK Corral. Reading from left to right, the men standing are Doc Holliday, Tom McLaury, Ike Clanton, Morgan Earp, and Billy Clanton. The man seated on the right is Wyatt Earp. Virgil Earp and Frank McLaury, the other two participants, were not present. The nonparticipant is Luke Short, seated on the left.

The gunfight took place at Tombstone, Arizona Territory, on October 26, 1881. On that day, three of these men were on one side and the other three were opposing them. Herein we find them agreeably intermingled.

There is no story as such to go with the photo—no old-timer's tale of how he ran up after the fight and snatched it from, for instance, the dead body of Tom McLaury. Curiously enough, someone actually did go through Tom's pockets taking the only thing he could find: money.

The photograph stands on its own—and perhaps this is for the best. Fortunately, there exist other photos of these men, and when I made comparisons they matched up to a degree that surpassed my expectations. This picture passed the test with flying colors with respect to identifications, in spite of the fact that the other known likenesses are stiff, formal, and overposed. Indeed, in Billy Clanton's case, he is shown in death.

Luke Short is somewhat of an anomaly; that is, he was not involved in the aforementioned gun battle. However, he is an important key in dating the photo. The place is less of a problem; it could only have been taken somewhere in Arizona Territory, and the most likely location within the territory would be Tombstone. Short spent a rather brief time in Tombstone but while there, he made his mark as the victor in a one-to-one encounter with Charlie Storms. It is known that Luke left his haunts in Dodge City, Kansas, in 1881, and made a spring visit to Tombstone. Thus we can be fairly certain the picture was taken at that time.

An individual analysis follows:

Doc Holliday. He is dressed meticulously in the style of a riverboat gambler. Both his clothes and his demeanor fit exactly the descriptions given by those who knew him. There is something almost sinister in the way his arm engulfs Tom McLaury. One can readily believe that he was called the "Deadly Dentist." It is interesting to note that Doc is the only member of the OK Corral group pictured who does not look like a bogus badman (excepting Tom McLaury, who neither had nor courted such a reputation—real or otherwise).

Tom McLaury. This man has been described as inoffensive, and his appearance here substantiates the characterization. As a matter of fact, he looks quite out of place in the group and most uncomfortable with Holliday's hand—which was later to become literally a hand of death for McLaury—draped over his shoulder. His friendship with Ike Clanton probably cost him his life.

Ike Clanton. Flannel-mouth? Braggart? Ike somehow looks the part, but he doesn't appear to be the desperado Earp made of him. He was reputed to have been at times a restaurateur or bartender, and his outfit seems to suggest something along those lines. At first it seems implausible that Ike Clanton and Tom McLaury could have been close friends; on the other

Continued on page 71

COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

The White Mountains

In the Rain Shadow of the Sierra Nevada

By Ann H. Zwinger and Beatrice E. Willard

Illustrations by Ann H. Zwinger

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS lie on the border between Nevada and California, separated from the Sierra Nevada by the narrow Owens Valley. They sleep, hazy and muted, in the morning backlight. They are much less dramatic than the gnawed Sierra even though they contain peaks nearly as high. The Sierra Nevada are youthful by comparison, only 140 to 400 million years old; in the White Mountains the oldest rocks are 200 to 600 million years old. Because this older rock is largely unglaciated, these mountains lack the serrated profile of the Sierra.

The White Mountains are the westernmost of several Great Basin ranges. The Great Basin, lying between 3,000 and 6,000 feet, forms an inverted triangle with the base reaching from eastern Oregon through southern Idaho and Nevada to Utah; the apex lies in southern California. The ranges within it run generally north and south; of these, the Inyo, Funeral, Amargosa, Ruby, Wallowa, Charleston and Wheeler ranges and peaks are the most well defined. The Wasatch Mountains and the Colorado Plateau bound the basin on the east, and the Sierra Nevada on the west.

The White Mountains lie in the rain shadow of the Sierra. As wet winds come off the Pacific and rise over the Sierra, they cool. Since cooler air holds less moisture, it falls as rain or snow on the western flanks and crest of the Sierra. As the wrung-out winds sweep on across the Sierra they blow cold and dry across the Owens Valley and the mountains to the east; the average annual precipitation is only fifteen inches. The White Mountains probably received their name because of their white limestone crests, not because of heavy snow cover.

Patches of tundra on sandstone or granite soils intermix with bristlecone pine groves on dolomite soils, forming a striking mosaic on the higher flanks of the mountains between 11,000 and 13,000 feet. Dolomite is a pale magnesium-rich sedimentary rock much like limestone; it forms a basic and much colder type of soil than do either granites or sandstones. The bristlecone pine groves may grow as high as 13,000 feet, containing trees centuries and even millennia old, perhaps the oldest living things on earth. Plant cover defines the substrata clearly and distinctly, especially where the different soils lie side by side.

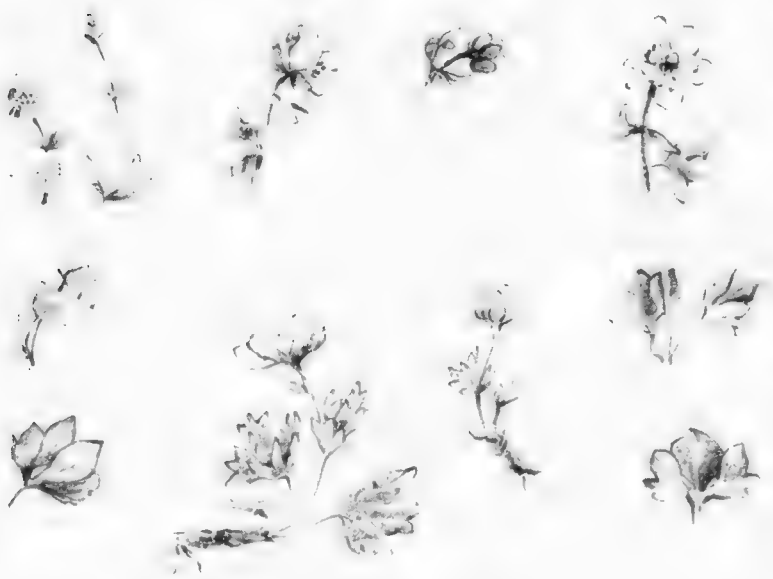
Alpine fescue.

After climbing and hiking in the rugged Sierra alpine terrain, the White Mountains are easier going, more gentle with rolling slopes that are reminiscent of Rocky Mountain alpine tundra. They differ in the extreme clarity of the patterned ground and the aridity and clarity of an atmosphere almost completely free from moisture. When the Sierra Nevada was heavily glaciated, there was never enough moisture in the form of snow for the White Mountains to bear large glaciers, although a few small ones formed on the eastern side. The slopes have the same aspect as the frost-action leveled slopes of the unglaciated uplands of the Rockies. The sparse snow cover that does form here is mostly blown into drifts, leaving slopes and ridges bare, and is usually gone by June. No snow banks or ice fields whitewash the high ridges. Were it not for the breathlessness that goes along with being above 12,000 feet, one would feel in a desert.

The patterning and sorting of ground in the White Mountains took place between 2,000 and 8,000 years ago, or perhaps longer, correlated with the colder, wetter climate of the Great Basin then. Although the patterned ground in the Sierran plateaus is evident, here in the White Mountains it is dramatic: dark rocks silhouetted against light soil, light rock patterns studding dust-green turf. In only a few areas do plants absorb and obscure the patterns; the extreme slowness of revegetation allows most of the rock stripes and garlands to remain sharply delineated.

The surrounding area is a modified moonscape. The soil is very dry and gritty, paved by small pebbles. Although tundra on the White Mountains fills a large vertical range between 11,500 feet and the top of White Mountain Peak at 14,246 feet, the number of plant species is limited, probably by lack of water; there are only about half as many as in the Rockies.

Plant life is sparse, but when one is down on hands and knees, there is surprisingly more than expected. The plants tend to be exceedingly hirsute (covered with stiff hairs) and palely flowered, almost embedded in the pebble mosaic, blending into the soil and rocks to create an amorphous landscape. On the rocks, close to ground level, are many lichens, in shades of charcoal brown, green, and tarnished yellow-gold.



Eschscholtz's buttercup.

This article is excerpted from the book Land Above the Trees *by Ann H. Zwinger and Beatrice E. Willard, Ph.D. (Harper and Row).* *Copyright © 1972 by Ann H. Zwinger and Beatrice E. Willard.*

Pygmy daisy.

The only bright pure colors here are airborne: a butterfly with orange wings and several small mountain blues. Tiny grasshoppers weave among the plants, along with purposeful black ants and very small wolf spiders. The charm is very different from other alpine fell-fields, or treeless rock-strewn areas dominated by low plants, where there is more variety and color. This is a scrimshaw field with muted colors and minute plants. And the sun at 12,000 feet is intensely hot, washing out both colors and shadows to an almost desert-like monotony.

A plethora of white feathers is scattered across the ground, three of which I wore in my hatband the rest of the summer as the traditional mark of a less-than-intrepid approach to mountain climbing. The puzzle of what kind of large, white-feathered bird lived here was solved by discovering that animal experiments were conducted in the 1950s. Chickens were brought up to 12,000 feet where most of them were unable to acclimate. The few that did survive adjusted to the high altitude and began to thrive, and the population returned to its original number. Autopsy on these showed that considerable enlargement of internal organs had taken place, a physiological change occurring in most animals, including humans, who live consistently at very high altitudes.

Along the way every rock seems to hold a marmot marinating in the sunshine, in addition to trotting marmots, snoozing marmots, listening marmots, cavorting marmots, everywhere marmots. At a sound, a marmot moves off like a child's pull toy, legs on an eccentric gear, flowing lumpily across the landscape. Their golden-brown ruffs gleam in the sunlight.

Some of the alpine meadows are thick with hair grass and bluegrass, and the marmots have ample food to support a healthy population. Near the remains of a sheepherder's cabin, the grasses are knee-high. The remains of the cabin stand lonely and forlorn and somehow out of place in the tall grass. One can only wonder what kind of existence it might have been, here above nowhere, with only the wind, the grass, the marmots, and the sheep for company.

A SNOW ACCUMULATION AREA in the White Mountains, after the mucky late-covered areas of the Rockies, looks more like a fell-field. Snow holds here, in the lee of a rock ridge, sometimes until mid-August. But after a dry winter with little snow, the desert-like aspect is marked. It is hard to believe that there really are buttercups growing in damp ground in wet years, for in dry ones the heat vibrates off the rocks. The ground is pebbly and rocky, with many small and loose flat stones the size of a hand scattered on the surface. Often the rock seems more vivid than the plants tucked between. Dusty lavender daisies, pale lavender lupines, some

Cryptantha.

soft yellow composites, an ashen clover with five leaflets (instead of the usual three) bare very little green. There are many thumb-high dwarf paintbrushes, small cushions of phlox, sprigs of both fescue and bluegrass, and a few sandworts among the rocks.

The ubiquitous buckwheats are plentiful, splayed rosettes forming circles against the angular patterns of the rocks. One species carries flowers seemingly made of rose tissue paper

Buckwheat.

striped with red, the leaves of roughly cut velour. The compact spherical heads are checkered with pale red and cream, depending upon how long the individual flowers have been in bloom; the older ones turn cinnamon red with age. Another buckwheat has greener leaves with flowers arranged in a looser head, maroon in bud, white with maroon stripes when open.

The last thing one would expect to see in this oven of a snowbed–fell-field is an alpine meadowrue. In the Rockies meadowrue grows mainly within kobresia stands, a snow-free area that is comparatively moist, where the small plants are semi-shaded by taller ones. Here it grows where there is winter snowcover, actually in a snowbed community where in wetter years water trickles all summer, but that now seems almost as hostile a habitat as a Rocky Mountain fell-field.

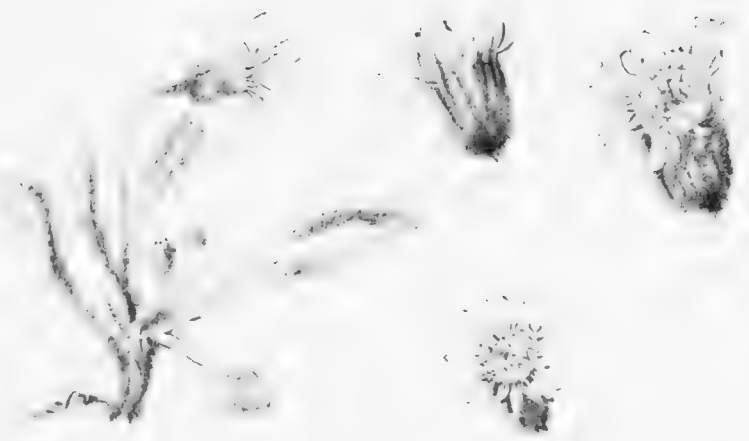
THE BEGINNING SENSATIONS of heat exhaustion—flushed face, slight dizziness, dehydration — are becoming unpleasantly apparent in this White Mountain snowbed–fell-field. My pulse feels fast. Heat seems to be billowing from the soil. No afternoon clouds materialize. By this time of the afternoon in the Rockies, it is usually raining, sleeting, or snowing, or all three, and at the very least, clouds bleaken the sky. One would have been sitting on the ground to keep out of the wind and stay warm, thankful for the small warmth rising from the morning-heated soil. Here in the White Mountains, only a few degrees farther south in latitude, it is uncomfortably warm. The thin long-sleeved cotton shirt I wear for protection against severe sunburn is too hot.

The White Mountains are exposed to very high solar radiation. They and surrounding regions of the southwestern United States appear to be unique in radiation climatology and a focus of very high radiation on this planet. Such radiation values (which also exist above 10,000 feet in the Rockies, although to a lesser extent) are the result of a somewhat singular combination of very thin, high-altitude atmosphere and clear air, and a low amount of cloud cover. The heat load advancing on the alpine tundra as the sun bursts on the morning slopes has been described as an "avalanche."

Part of the radiation received on earth is ultraviolet. At sea level most ultraviolet light is absorbed by the intervening atmosphere. On a clear day, the intensity of direct ultraviolet radiation from the sun increases with an increase in altitude. The effect of such strong radiation on plants has only been tentatively explored. Some chlorophyll damage at high altitude may be caused by ultraviolet radiation, and changes in pigment and structure may occur. Natural filtration by epidermal pigments, such as the red anthocyanins, is a likely adaptation, along with small, hairy leaves and leaves with a thick outer coating and buried stomates.

Hulsea.

All the plants here must be able to survive high radiation, or they simply could not survive at all. It would be easier to understand how plants endure this alpine desert if one could also see some of those that have not. The elements of success can be too easily misinterpreted. Many plants here have extremely hairy leaves, adapted for a near-desert environment. Nestled among the rocks and boulders are some clear yellow ragworts and a large yellow draba, the flowers set against very dark green leaves densely covered with hairs that catch sand grains. A dirty-white borage is spiny to the touch; some of the spines, like a nettle, seem to be filled with a pale liquid.



Woolly-leaf.

Alpine meadow-rue.

A phlox cushion has needle-like leaves coated with stiff hairs. The flowers are not only undiminished in size, however, but many have an extra petal. They are delicately fragrant, a small cush of tenacious beauty in a wicked climate.

Every plant leaf, it seems, has a different kind of covering: soft and silky, crinkled, stellate, glandular, thickly matted and furry, all protecting tender green tissue beneath. Many leaves are thick and some are finely divided, protecting against high evaporation and cold. Most are relatively light colored, reflecting rather than absorbing radiation. The slope is a rock garden containing minute plants that sizzle beneath a blazing sun, moisture locked inside, able to send down long roots to cooler soils and traces of underground water. They smolder under an afternoon sun that washes out shadows and glares on rocks, able to survive the freezing temperatures in a dry night atmosphere that loses its daytime warmth the instant the sun goes down.

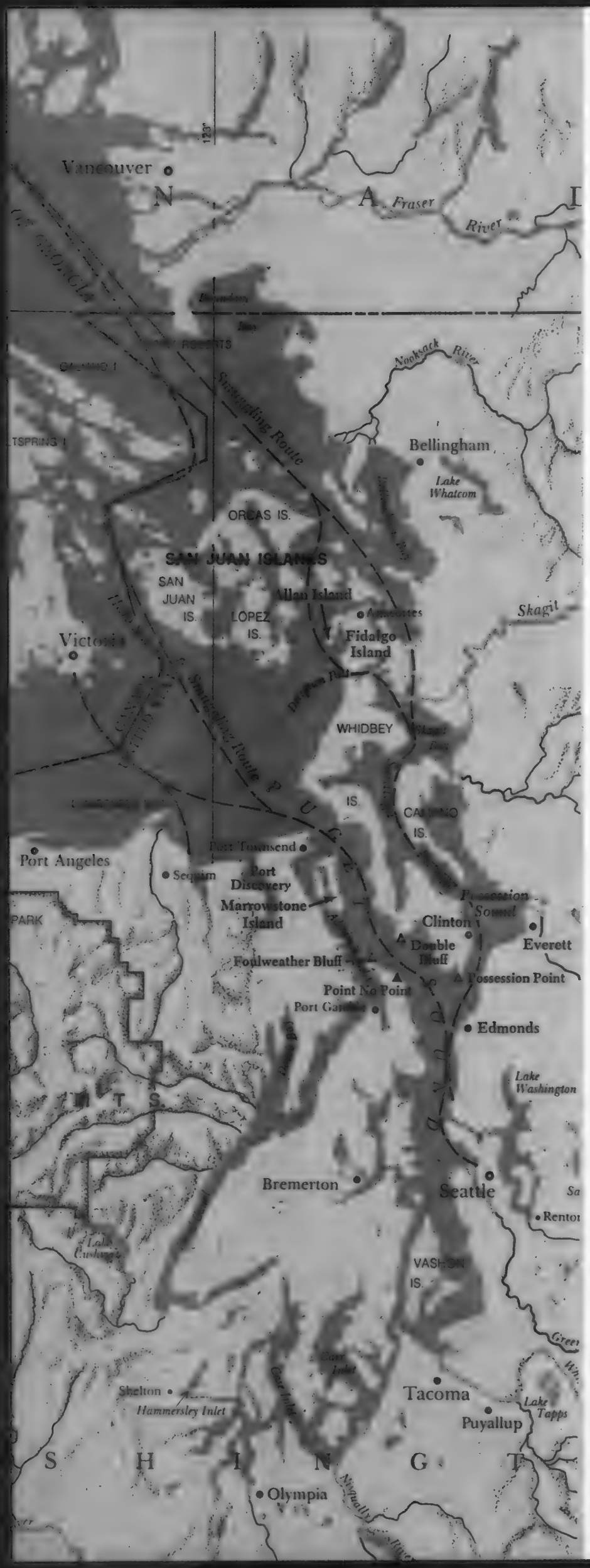
The whole landscape shimmers in a blinding liquid heat. It is impossible to tell if the flight of a small white butterfly is truly hesitant, or if it is merely the distortion caused by the heat radiating above the soil.

Ann Zwinger *is a specialist in art history and is author and illustrator of* Beyond the Aspen Grove *(Random, 1970).* **Beatrice E. Willard** *is president of the Thorne Ecological Foundation of Boulder, Colorado.*

Phlox.

Opposite: The bright yellow flower of a Hulsea plant adds a note of contrast to the otherwise dull hues of a White Mountain talus slope.

HERMAN ZWINGER



Rumrunners

By Capt. A. L. Lonsdale, U.S. Coast Guard

ACCORDING TO LEGISLATION the entire United States went "dry" in January 1920. Since penalties for violating the National Prohibition Act were severe, the government assumed that there would be few violations. Little did officials realize that the serenity of Puget Sound would soon be shattered by noisy gun battles between fast rum boats and slow Coast Guard cutters.

When the "Feds" entered the picture, bootleggers in the Northwest already had four years' experience. The Anti-Saloon League had taken Washington State in 1916. In the beginning, boatmen crossed the straits to Canada, took on a few cases of "booze," and disposed of it quietly; they were argonauts exploring the commercial possibilities of violating the Eighteenth Amendment.

With the enactment of prohibition some bootleggers apparently did not realize that the U.S. Coast Guard was now in the act. One such operator was the captain of the *George F.* which sailed boldly into Port Townsend Bay with a deck cargo of seventy-five cases of liquor and cruised right by the Coast Guard cutter *Arcata,* moored for the night. When the *George F.* reached a dock, Coast Guardsmen were waiting to take in the lines. They also took the bootlegger's cargo and his boat, which were automatically confiscated under the new law.

Coast Guardsman Lorenz A. Lonsdale faced seemingly insurmountable odds in his campaign against smugglers.

COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

on Puget Sound

"Olmstead is about to commission a 100-foot, 900-horsepower, 40-knot booze boat"

The *Arcata* was one of two tugs that guarded Puget Sound. Only eighty-five feet long, the steam-driven vessel was top-heavy and unseaworthy for the open ocean, and had a top speed of only twelve knots. Coast Guard pleas for more men and better equipment fell on deaf ears in Washington, D.C.

But in spite of her obsolescence, the *Arcata* compiled an incredible list of captures, starting with the *George F.* This outstanding record was due mainly to the local knowledge and determination of her captain, Chief Boatswain Lorenz A. Lonsdale, a sailor in the Northwest since 1885. Lonsdale had begun his maritime career in the coastwise trade and eventually became master of several merchant ships. In 1908, the Coast Guard had come under heavy criticism for failure to venture out at night into the treacherous waters of the Northwest to make rescues. To remedy the situation, the service hired experienced mariners—such as Lonsdale—as pilots. He was eventually integrated into the service and given command of the *Arcata* in 1917.

Although only five feet tall, Lonsdale was respected as a strict disciplinarian. He was also noted as an incorruptible captain who painstakingly plotted his strategies and followed them up with bold and forceful actions. He became known on both sides of the law as "Grandad."

Shortly after the *George F.* incident, Grandad elected to cruise up Possession Sound east of Whidbey Island to check out Deception Pass. Off Clinton, Washington, he signaled a suspicious boat to stop, but it turned and ran onto the beach. The *Arcata* launched a crew in a dinghy, but before they reached shore, two men jumped out of the beached craft and ran for the woods, leaving their boat in flames. The Coast Guardsmen managed to salvage six cases of liquor as evidence; the two escapees were later captured and turned out to be ex-convicts recently released from prison.

Other captures quickly followed. During the first year of rumrunning the contest remained a gentleman's game, with Coast Guard and bootleggers all playing by rules under which no one got hurt.

In British Columbia the "Prohibition foolishness down south" turned into a bonanza. Fishermen and other small boat operators earned undreamed-of riches selling liquor to American boatmen. The Canadian government slapped a twenty-dollar-per-case export tax on all liquor bound for the U.S. After paying the tax, a Canadian boatman would then head out to sea to rendezvous with his American counterpart. He might sell his wares by the case or, for the convenience of his customers, he might pack the twelve bottles in straw inside

Seattle police lieutenant Roy Olmstead ended up on the wrong side of the law.

THE SEATTLE TIMES

The Coast Guard tug* Arcata *was top-heavy and slow, but she soon won the grudging respect of Puget Sound bootleggers.

U.S. COAST GUARD

a gunnysack, with weights to make it sink if thrown over the side. This basic unit of shipment soon became known in the trade as a "sack."

Such operations were of course illegal. Either the American boat had to enter Canadian waters or the Canadian boat had to leave them without making proper reports to customs. When Canadian authorities were pressured by the U.S. to do something about this, their replies were a bit foggy. After all, it was not their business to know what happened to the liquor after it had been legally declared for export.

By the end of the first year of prohibition, the rules for the gentleman's war on Puget Sound had begun to change. The first hint came with the capture of the *Xenial*. When the *Arcata* signaled her to stop off Marrowstone Island in Admiralty Inlet, the boat ran for the beach. On the way in, the operators soaked their vessel with gasoline; upon landing, they set it afire and fled to the woods. As sailors in the *Arcata's* dinghy neared the burning hulk, rifle bullets from the woods splashed around them. The snipers were quickly routed by fire from Springfields on the *Arcata*. The dinghy crew, better prepared this time, put out the fire in time to recover more than one hundred cases of illicit cargo.

Chasing speedier boats was an almost futile task. Grandad trapped the *Searchlight* twice, once in Discovery Bay and again off Possession Head, but due to the rumrunner's superior speed on both occasions her crew managed to dump the cargo before being overtaken. Without a "corpus delecti" Grandad had to let the boat go free.

One night in Admiralty Inlet, Grandad anchored in fog near Foulweather Bluff. In the morning, the lookout reported the *Searchlight* anchored nearby, and *Arcata* crewmen, led by quartermaster Lance Kirstine, rowed quietly alongside. The operators woke up staring down the barrels of .45's. When a thorough search yielded only two pints of beer, Grandad ordered more men to search the nearby beach. They found freshly turned sand, started digging, and unearthed thirty-five cases of contraband.

While the gentleman's war continued on the waters of the sound, other events were set in motion on its shores in the early morning hours of March 22, 1920. A gang of men was unloading a tug off Brown's Beach, just north of Edmonds, when suddenly bright lights flared. Prohibition agents with guns blazing rushed out of the woods. The gang's leader leaped into his car, bounced around a roadblock, and escaped in a hail of gunfire, leaving behind one of the largest shipments of liquor ever captured in the Northwest.

The leader turned out to be Roy Olmstead, the youngest man to be promoted to lieutenant in the history of the Seattle police force. Pegged as the rising star who would one day assume leadership of the force, Olmstead had suppressed the gang warfare which erupted as a result of the 1916 state Prohibition law. While fishing in the troubled waters of Prohibition, however, Olmstead had learned much about the structure and operation of booze-running syndicates, and the temptation to turn this knowledge to profit had proved too much for him.

Olmstead was apprehended, but because of his good record was fined only five hundred dollars and forced to resign from the police force. The trial publicity made him the "darling of the public," especially when it read about the high quality of the captured "booze" and the low prices for which Olmstead intended to sell it. He was besieged by orders for the stuff.

A dozen prominent people, weary of the chaos, wanted a dependable supply, but desired no violence. They trusted Olmstead and were willing to back their convictions with hard cash.

For Olmstead the choice was easy: his goods would be genuine, his men would carry no guns. No stolen or hijacked liquor would knowingly be sold by his organization. Besides, he had learned how to undercut the competition.

The war escalated when "one-pounders" were installed. This cutter came home loaded with contraband.

U.S. COAST GUARD

Some Coast Guard boats, like this one bringing in a capture, were converted from ex-rumrunners.

THE SEATTLE TIMES

THE SLOW, awkward boats used at first for smuggling soon began to give way to greyhounds of the deep driven by engines of two hundred fifty horsepower and more, whose noisy exhausts were silenced by being placed below the waterline. They began operating on a regular schedule, aided by the syndicate's intelligence network that infiltrated the government and was reinforced by coast-watchers.

With patience his greatest asset, Grandad plodded gamely along in his twelve-knot cutter. Rum boats, more numerous than ever, would pass close by on their way north while crewmen shouted obscenities. But some of Olmstead's top drivers, like Prosper Griagnic and Clint Atwood, remained friendly.

Griagnic's boat, *Three Deuces,* had once broken the Lake Washington speed record. It was powered by a Liberty engine, developed during World War I to power fledgling U.S. fighter aircraft. Griagnic often stopped alongside the *Arcata* to swap tobacco and perhaps obtain information about the Coast Guard's intentions. *Arcata* crewmen would be equally interested in the boat they might soon be chasing. It was thirty-eight feet long and had austere accommodations. Griagnic piloted the craft from a small cockpit forward; behind him was an open cockpit covered by canvas peaked with a ridge pole, and behind that was the engine and another small compartment. The boat could carry two hundred fifty sacks.

"Where're you headed, Prosper?" one of the Coast Guardsmen asked.

"Thought I'd take a vacation and do a little fishing."

"Yeah, what're you going to use for gear?"

Griagnic searched his empty boat and finally produced a rotten piece of seine.

"How do you expect to catch anything with that?" the Coast Guardsman laughed.

"Don't even need it," Griagnic replied. "They're so thick where I go, you can scoop them out with your hands. How about you guys?"

"We might do some fishing, too."

"For what?"

"Maybe you."

"You shouldn't do that. Tell Grandad not to be so hard on us. We're just honest guys trying to make a decent living."

One day Clint Atwood saw Grandad standing on the bridge of the *Arcata.* He decided to stop to tell the old man what was on everybody's mind. "Hey Captain," he shouted, "do you remember me?"

"Sure, you're Atwood. What's your business?"

"Just wanted to tell you not to be so hard on us. We're just trying to make an honest living." To emphasize his point, he pulled a rifle bullet from his pocket. "See this—I dug it out of my boat. It might have killed me or one of my men."

Grandad's face reddened. "You fool, why don't you stop when I signal?"

"Now, Captain, you know we can't do that."

"Well, then, don't come around here looking for sympathy. It's bad business you're in. It's my job to see that you don't break the law."

"But, Captain, it's a bad law. I don't think you ought—"

He never had a chance to finish. Grandad launched into his standard lecture about the evils of liquor. When Atwood left, the message was clear: once he had a load of liquor on board, no quarter would be given.

For Grandad, in spite of his front, it was a terribly discouraging business. He might arrest a man, but because the courts were clogged with Prohibition cases, the suspect would be freed on bail pending his trial. In the meantime he would get back to his trade, and eventually might have three or four trials pending. As boats that were confiscated were laid up, political pressure would mount for their public auction. Eventually the U.S. marshal would submit to the pressure, hold the auction, and soon the Coast Guard was back chasing the same boats again.

The Xenial's captors netted more than one hundred cases of bootleg liquor.

THE SEATTLE TIMES

By the late 1920s twenty-two cutters—including new seventy-five-footers—patrolled the Sound.

U.S. COAST GUARD

Pressure from the "drys" for better enforcement was mounting, however, and it benefited Grandad. On one occasion he sighted the *June*, one of the newer boats with a top speed of about twenty-five knots coming south through Admiralty Inlet. With about two hundred yards between them, Grandad signaled the operator to stop. For an answer, the operator rammed the throttle all the way forward. Grandad grabbed one of the Springfields and began shooting. The *June* disappeared south.

After receiving a message from the *Arcata*, the Coast Guard tug *Scout* located the *June* in Lake Union, sporting seven bullet holes. The *June's* operator wouldn't be so careless next time. He had thought that Grandad was "fixed."

"Well, that did it," Grandad sputtered in a fit of temper. "So they think I'm taking bribes!" He sent a report to headquarters demanding a semiautomatic one-pounder, a deck gun which could fire a one-pound projectile to a maximum range of four thousand yards, and which was highly accurate to about five hundred yards. Much to Grandad's surprise, he received orders to proceed to the Bremerton Navy Shipyard to be armed "as recommended."

On December 4, 1922, the *Arcata* tried its shiny new one-pounder on a boat numbered *L443*. Powered by a new Curtis-Wright aircraft engine, the boat had operated with impunity along the rum route for more than a year. The boat retreated and then after dark outflanked the *Arcata* in a wide circle. Its one-pound projectiles spent, the *Arcata* went to Port Townsend for fuel.

Then Grandad switched off all his lights and headed back out to find the *L443* drifting off Double Bluff. As the *Arcata* approached, the boat started up again. Grandad fired the one-pounder across its bow but it refused to stop. Then Grandad ordered his crew to shoot into it. The boat stopped, and one of the crewmen screamed, "You've killed my brother!" *Arcata* crewmen rushed on board to find a man badly wounded. They sped him to a waiting ambulance in Port Townsend and returned to confiscate the boat and cargo.

A FEW WEEKS LATER residents along the shore were treated to a naval spectacular. Off Marrowstone Point in Admiralty Inlet, the *Arcata* sighted the twenty-five knotter *M-855* speeding south. When signaled to stop, the men on the launch began chucking "sacks" over the side. Lance Kirstine's aim was spoiled by choppy seas, and the boat quickly raced out of range. But just then the big cutter *Haida* was seen coming north from Seattle, so Grandad radioed and the *Haida* began firing its six-pounder gun, driving the fleeing boat back. The men on the boat finished throwing their cargo over and stopped. When the *Arcata* came alongside, Pete Marinoff looked up. "What's the shooting all about?" he asked.

Pete Marinoff had the dubious distinction of having been fired at and arrested by Grandad more than any other man. One more loss like this would bankrupt him—with Olmstead undercutting everyone by 25 percent, margins were mighty thin for those still paying the export tax.

By 1924 it was a poor month when Olmstead grossed less than two hundred thousand dollars. He moved into a spacious colonial house and joined the elite of Seattle society. He bought Seattle's first broadcasting station, over which his wife read bedtime stories. It was said, but never proved, that she included coded instructions to Olmstead's boats and ships.

There were, however, problems. A professional wiretapper presented Olmstead with a sheath of transcripts of his phone calls and demanded ten thousand dollars. Knowing that wiretapping was against state law, Olmstead figured that the wiretap evidence could not be used against him, and suppressed only those calls which might aid the "Feds" in planning raids. He took great delight in feeding them false information which left agents waiting on beaches for boats that never came.

The Mary Langdon *was a floating liquor store, with bootleg available by the case, "sack," or barrel.*

When the Memories *was overtaken, her operators rolled the "corpus delicti" out and over the side.*

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Early in August 1924, Olmstead called Wilbur Dow, a Custom House broker. "Have you seen Grandad?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I think I can fix it up in a day or two."

"Okay. I'll let you know twelve hours before the boats come."

The next day Olmstead called Dow again. "What about Grandad?" he asked.

"I think I can fix everything," Dow answered.

But evidently he failed. Less than two weeks later, Prosper Griagnic called Olmstead at 10:00 A.M.

"Have you heard?" he asked. "I was coming around Point No Point when Grandad threw his lights on me. There were no other boats around, so I had to run for it. He took some shots at me. One went through the pilot house and busted the hell out of three cases of good whiskey."

"Well, you see what comes from being late. You should have come through three hours earlier. What're you going to do with the boat?"

"I've got a friend at Madison Park who'll fix it up."

"Can he get it out today?"

"No. I was hit twice."

"Was anyone hurt?"

"No, but I damn near shook myself to death. Grandad's getting pretty good with that damned old gun. Hope you can do something about it soon."

"We'll see. Go home and get some sleep. You got to take another boat up tonight."

Olmstead's drivers were complaining about other things besides Grandad's gun. Olmstead's plan to drive competition out of business had simply turned bootleggers who couldn't compete honorably to hijacking. Two Canadian fishermen were murdered after their cargo was taken. The murders and a drop in export tax revenue made the Canadian authorities concerned about where their liquor was going. Olmstead's drivers, afraid of both the hijackers and the Canadian lookouts, wanted to be armed for their own protection. Olmstead reiterated his policies against guns and violence. Instead he was building larger, faster boats that would outrace the dangers.

IT WAS A STORMY AFTERNOON when the *Alice* wallowed past the *Arcata;* Pete Marinoff stayed inside. Two months had passed since he threw one hundred fifty sacks over the side while projectiles splashed all around. There was no reason for Grandad to suspect this grimy ex-Navy motor-sailer with a dilapidated cabin tacked on. Good! The *Arcata* did not follow. That meant Marinoff could beach the boat on the falling tide at Allen Island that night.

The next morning while anchored, Marinoff was awakened by the *Arcata's* dinghy bumping alongside. Finding nothing, the boarding party told Marinoff he could leave, which he did reluctantly.

Men from the *Arcata* then checked the nearby islands and found sixty-five cases. They went after the *Alice* and boarded it again. Marinoff was asked for his fire extinguisher—he had none. His life preserver was in poor condition. When Marinoff was told he was being taken in for equipment violations, he protested loudly about government harassment of hard-working, God-fearing men like himself.

In Seattle that night, as Grandad tried to bring the *Alice* alongside, the towing line became fouled in the *Alice's* propeller. With a pike pole, one of the Coast Guardsmen fished for the hawser. But he hooked something U-shaped with many small lines attached to it. When he pulled one of the lines, something down below came loose and he pulled up a sack. There were twenty-four of them. When the boat was beached at low tide, they had been shoved into compartments built along either side of the keel.

Continued on page 70

Occasionally smugglers set their own boats on fire in an attempt to destroy the evidence before capture.

U.S. COAST GUARD

Roy Olmstead was sent to federal prison in 1927.

THE SEATTLE TIMES

Fossil Hunting on the Plains of Kansas

By Professor Othniel C. Marsh

"To the memory of Thomas Henry Huxley, 'a guide, philosopher, and friend,' who made me promise to write this narrative and often chided me for delay in so doing, this volume is dedicated as a token of friendship and in grateful acknowledgement of many kindnesses in word and deed."

Edited by George W. Bishop, Jr.

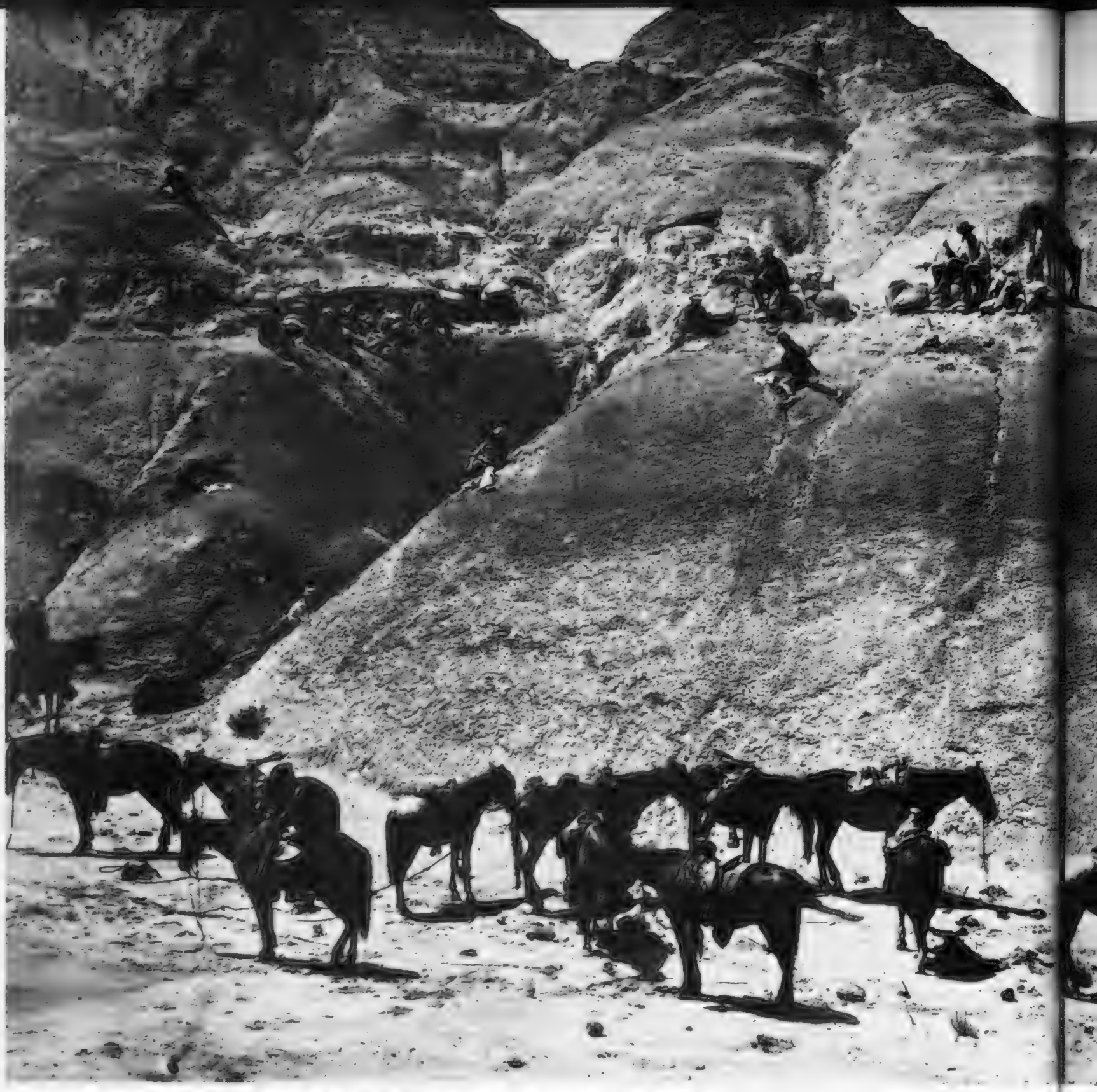
The name of Othniel Charles Marsh is inseparably linked to Yale University and the field of paleontology. He was trained at Yale and served there as the first professor of paleontology in the Americas. As the nephew of George Peabody, the American merchant and banker noted as a philanthropist in England and the United States, Marsh was able to establish the Peabody Museum at Yale. The museum remains a monument to his ability in his chosen discipline.

Marsh stood in the first rank as a collector of fossil bones of ancient creatures and was preeminent in the art of preparing skeletal restorations. His work, coupled with that of Professor Edward D. Cope, caught the imagination of the general public and the press. It has been said they made dinosaur *a household word.*

At the time of his death in 1899, Marsh was at work on a narrative volume that he undertook at the urging of Thomas Huxley. It was to include an account of twelve trips to the great West. However, he had completed only five chapters when his death occurred. Two of these are published here.

Professor Marsh (third from left on the large boulder, opposite) poses with members of his 1871 Yale expedition.

PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY



Fossil hunting trips into the West were an almost annual event for Marsh and his students; this party under his direction was photographed in 1873.

Upon Marsh's death his manuscript came into the possession of Professor Ernest Howe of Yale University; when Professor Howe died in 1937, his widow gave the manuscript to Professor Charles Schuchert, who was working on a biography of Marsh. It is now in the Othniel Charles Marsh Papers in the Yale University Library.

Far better than any other recounting, the "narrative volume" gives an authentic picture of Marsh in the field. It is a fascinating report in its own right.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER ON THE PLAINS

I have already told the story of my arrival at Fort Wallace, Kansas, in the autumn of 1870, with the Yale College party, to explore the chalk cliffs along the Smoky Hill River, to the eastward; how cordially we were received by the commanding officer, and the invitation we accepted from the officers of the Fort to see a buffalo hunt in the neighboring region, while our escort and outfit were in preparation for our proposed geological work.

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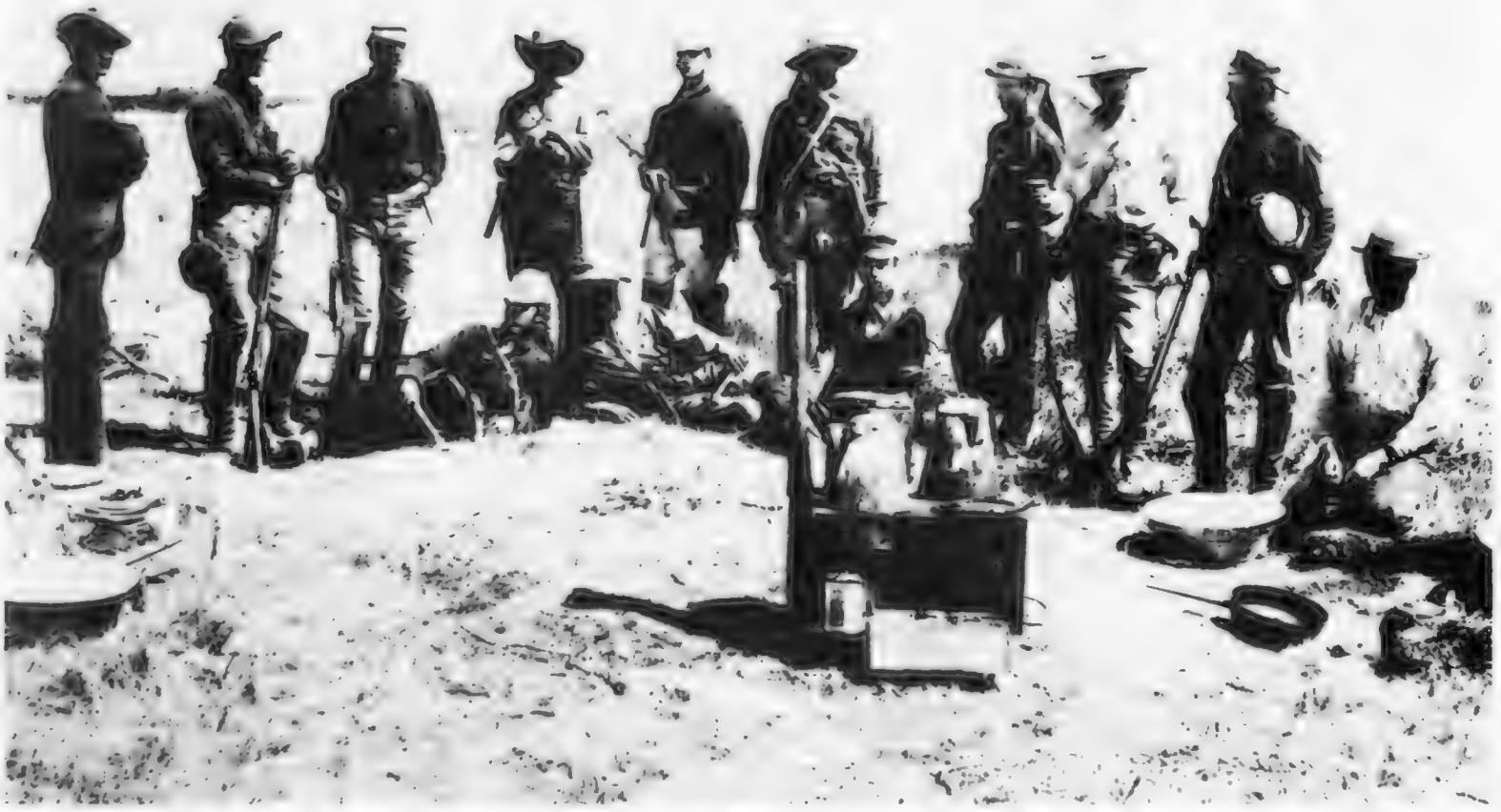
A few days later, we started out with the Government scout, Ned Lane, as our guide, and a military escort sufficiently strong to protect us from hostile Indians, if we used the precautions impressed upon us at our departure by the army officers of the post. We made our first camp on the north fork of the Smoky Hill River, near the site of the once flourishing town of Sheridan, when it was for awhile the terminus of the Kansas-Pacific Railroad, but now consisting only of a small station and a few dugouts. As we approached this deserted village, riding near the high railroad trestle work, I said to our guide who was beside me, "That's a quiet town for so great a name." "Yes," he replied, "it's quiet now, but I have seen it lively enough. I remember one morning seeing three men hanging from one timber of that bridge." In reply to my question as to what these men had done to merit such a fate, he replied, "Not a d——d thing; but one of them, a friend of mine, had lent one of the vigilance committee that lynched him three hundred dollars, and that fixed him."

One object of our visit to this vicinity was to examine Twin Buttes, the high double bluff across the river from Sheridan. This was a classic spot to geologists, as here was found a few years before, the remains of a large fossil reptile, which, through no fault of its own, has obtained great notoriety, and many a pilgrim has since been there to see the spot where the skeleton was entombed. Dr. T. H. Turner, the post surgeon of Fort Wallace, was the discoverer; and after carefully digging out the remains, he sent them all to his friend and teacher, Dr. Joseph Leidy, for the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. They arrived safely, and were hurriedly described by Prof. E. D. Cope, a member of the Academy, who announced the discovery as one of the most remarkable ever made; and gave restorations of the animal, as, in his opinion, it appeared during life. The announcement was indeed important, if true.

The restorations, both of the skeleton and of the animal when alive, represented it with a very long tail and short neck; and these figures still remain in various works of science. I saw the remains in Philadelphia after the descriptions were published, and suggested to Prof. Cope that he had reversed the two ends of the animal, so that, like Barnum's famous woolly horse, the head was where the tail should be. This was indignantly denied by Prof. Cope, who refused to argue the question. Dr. Leidy, however, soon after casually examined what was supposed to be the last joint of the tail, and found it to be the first vertebra of the neck, with a piece of the skull attached. Since this positive demonstration, no one has doubted that the first restoration was wrong, and that the animal agreed in general structure with those nearest of kin. The Naturalist, therefore, and not Nature, was at fault, and Prof. Cope in a later restoration fully endorsed her authority. All this made it especially desirable for us to obtain additional remains of the same animal, if possible; and, if not, to find some of its comrades, but in this we were only partially successful.

The next day we pushed down to the main Smoky Hill River, where discoveries still more important awaited us. Our guide reported that he had found no signs of Indians, and as the buffalo of that region were unusually quiet, he thought the savages must have moved on to the southward, and that we could continue our explorations in peace. I was soon fortunate enough to find the skeleton of another large saurian, nearly allied to the famous Twin Butte specimen mentioned above, but not quite so large. It was entombed in a



PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Well-armed members of the 1870 expedition gather around the camp stove near Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Professor Marsh, holding a rock hammer, is standing just to the right of center.

bluff of yellow chalk, and it took several days' hard work to dig it all out. The weather was bitter cold, and to insure our safety, we kept a sentinel posted on the high part of the bluffs, so that our enemies, the Cheyennes, could not steal upon us unawares. The fossil reptile, when at last packed in gunny-sacks, nearly filled an army wagon; and happy in our success, we moved camp further down the river, and pitched our tents under the lee of a high bluff near the river, in order to protect ourselves as far as possible from the cold northerly winds that then prevailed.

Buffalo were here plenty, and came down to drink near our camp every morning and evening, so that our table was well supplied with choice cuts from selected animals. We were thus looking forward to a week or more of quiet scientific work before returning East, and felt sure of important discoveries, as we were the first in the field. From fear of Indians, we had our wagons put in a half circle at the foot of the bluff, with our tents and all the equine animals inside, the latter tied at night to the wagons for greater safety. Thus secure, we slept the sleep of the just, and dreamed only of fossils and the Thanksgiving dinner we hoped to enjoy in camp the next day.

Some time during that cold, windy night, however, we were suddenly aroused by fearful noises of clashing wagons, snorting horses, and falling tents, as if an earthquake were in progress directly under our camp, or as we first thought, that the Indians had made a night attack upon us. As the noise increased, and greater destruction came to our tents, we heard one shot, apparently from our own sentinel, and rushing out into the darkness, we feared most of all the silent but deadly Indian arrows. At last all was still, and we found that no one was killed or seriously wounded. As we lighted our lantern, however, and looked around where our quiet camp had been the evening before, we found our animals all gone and everything left in confusion.

A council of war was soon held, and gradually the true cause of our disaster became evident. The coyotes, who were often sneaking around our camp at night for stray bits of food, had now been especially attracted by the fresh buffalo meat that hung outside our cooking tent; but for some time none of them had dared a nearer approach, especially through the circle of mules, whose heels guarded the camp, although their heads were lashed to the wagons. One coyote, however, bolder than the rest had leaped from the top of the high bluff directly into the magic circle, and all the army mules, taken by surprise, had stampeded, breaking away from their fastenings and tearing down the tents as they dashed out into the darkness. It was this and nothing more.

We could do little until the morning came, when we searched our surroundings and found that one ancient mule, known as "Crazy Jane," belying her name, but true to her nature, had, from sheer obstinacy, refused to desert us, and was soon caught near camp. She was doubtless encouraged in her devotion by two or three Indian ponies, who although much

frightened at first, refused to be stampeded to any great distance from camp, and they too were brought in.

A soldier was soon selected to look up the missing mules if possible, and mounted on the only one left, he started out from camp to follow the trail. It was some time before he could make out the fact that the mules had finally got together some miles from camp, and had started with rapid gait back to Fort Wallace, a dozen or fifteen miles away to the westward. Concluding that they were probably safe at the post, as no Indian signs were seen, he rode leisurely back along the old stage road to the Fort.

Meanwhile, the band of frightened mules with their broken halters and dragging lariats had already arrived at the Fort, and produced great consternation. General Bankhead, the commanding officer, felt at once the full responsibility of the situation, and exclaimed, "Great God, the Indians have jumped the professor. We must save the party if possible!"—and an order was promptly given to have a company of troops start at once to our rescue. Lieutenant Braden was placed in command, and with his troop and accompanying wagons, was soon pushing eastward with special orders for haste, to rescue us if we were surrounded, and if too late, to bring our remains back to the Fort.

While the command was making good progress toward our camp, the solitary soldier that we had sent after the mules rode slowly into Fort Wallace. Before he could tell his tale, General Bankhead saw him and sharply inquired, "Where is your gun?" "I left it at camp," the man replied. "Well," said the General, "If you are d——d fool enough to risk your own life in this Indian country, you shan't risk a Government mule. Officer of the day, put that man in the guardhouse!"—and he was hurried away, while the mule was led quietly to the stable.

Of all this we knew nothing at the time, and waited for the return of the soldier to report about our animals. Although it was Thanksgiving Day, we spent the greater part of it in fossil hunting, but made good preparation for our feast that evening. Before the hour arrived, just as the sun was going down, we heard the rattle of wagons, and looking up the river, saw Lieutenant Braden and his troops hurrying towards us. He seemed greatly surprised at the quiet greeting we gave him and his men, and inquired feelingly if we were all safe. We told him we were all right, but were rather short of mules. Explanations followed, and we invited the lieutenant and his fellow officers to our Thanksgiving dinner, while his men received a similar invitation to dine with our escort.

This dinner was a memorable feast, under the circumstances. Our bill of fare for the game courses included buffalo tongue, steak, and roast rib; antelope meat in various forms, and stewed jack rabbit; with pork and beans, canned fruit, and vegetables, from the Commissary Department, as side dishes. Our beverages were limited, but good army coffee, and the wine of Kentucky were in abundance. As the feast progressed, the fun became fast and furious. I was requested to make a speech, thanking the lieutenant and his comrades for our rescue, and he replied in feeling terms. Yale songs were sung by our party, and western stories were told by the army officers. The November wind howled through our camp, and the coyotes, sniffing the feast, serenaded us from the orchestra bluff above, but we heeded them not, for we were safe and happy, and that Thanksgiving dinner on the plains of Kansas will, I am sure, never be forgotten by any one present.

Our Yale party all remember Lieutenant Braden and his gallant rescue with feelings of deep gratitude, and when later the poor fellow was badly wounded and crippled for life in an Indian fight in the same region, we grieved sincerely. He is now an invalid at West Point, and on my last visit there, we talked of many things in the past, but most of all of our Thanksgiving dinner on the plains.

MY FIRST PTERODACTYL

Late in November, 1870, I was at work with a small party from Yale College, among the chalk cliffs of Kansas, about half way between Fort Wallace and Fort Hayes. We were encamped on the Smoky Hill River, and as the Indians were also there after buffalo and other victims, we had an escort of United States troops from Fort Wallace to protect us and help on our work.

The discoveries we made were of great importance, as we were the first explorers in this region, since so famous for its fossil treasures. We had already found more than a score of mosasaurs, or fossil sea-serpents, some of gigantic size. I had also found some birds with teeth, hitherto unknown; and these turned out one of the most important discoveries ever made. Every day brought something new, and although the weather was cold and signs of Indians were plenty, we had no thought of turning back, unless compelled to by our savage enemies, or the blasts of winter.

We had been especially warned against straggling in such hostile surroundings, but the prizes were too great, and day by day we tempted our fate. I set a bad example to my party, I must confess, but I had a fleet horse and was well armed, and already had some experience of life on the plains, but not much of the particular region we were exploring, which in many respects was a revelation to me, especially the countless throng of buffalo that we daily encountered, and were tempted to hunt even where fossils were most abundant.

One day I had been especially fortunate in my fossil discoveries, and thus remained behind the party till late in the afternoon, with only a single soldier as my companion. He warned me repeatedly of our danger, and advised pushing on to camp, which was some miles further down the river, but just where we did not know, as camp had been moved that morning after we had left on our fossil hunt. We knew camp would be close to the river, and we felt sure we could find it even after dark.

It was after sunset when we left the bluffs and pushed down

PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Back in civilization, students taking part in the first Yale geological exploring expedition west of the Mississippi (1870) flank their mentor for a commemorative photograph.

to the river bottom, following some old buffalo trails, which were deeply worn in the soft chalk that formed the river bank. As we rode down one of these, with our stirrups touching the rock on either side, I saw on my right, about a dozen feet from the trail, a fossil bone; and dismounting and giving my horse in charge of my companion, I picked it up. It was hollow, about six inches long and one inch in diameter, with one end perfect and containing a peculiar joint that I had never seen before. An hour earlier and I should have searched the locality for the rest of the bone and others that might go with it, but it was already twilight, and I could only wrap up carefully the specimen I had found, put it away in one of my softest pockets, and before mounting, cut a deep cross in the gray chalk rock beside the trail, so that I could be sure to find the spot again.

The soldier was impatient at my delay, and we soon hurried down the river, and after nearly an hour's ride through the rough river bottom, we heard shots regularly repeated further down the stream, and as we came to some rising ground, saw the flashes of the signal guns that showed us where camp was, and we were soon welcomed by our companions, who feared the Indians had picked us up.

Even before I had my supper, I took another look at the fossil bone I had found, but it was as great a puzzle as before. It looked so much like the tibia of a gigantic bird, that I at first thought it might prove to belong to that class; and in my tent that night, I thought over the possibilities that view offered, but still in vain. The bird characters were there, but such a joint no known bird possessed, as it indicated a freedom of motion in one direction that no well-constructed bird could use on land or water.

The specimen was carefully packed, and later reached New Haven with my other fossil treasures, and there the chances for comparison were greater. The bone was very hollow, and corresponded in many respects anatomically with the first joint of the little finger of the human hand. So far I felt sure that my determination was correct. The only joint much like it that I could find in any animal, living or extinct, was in the wing finger of the pterodactyl, or flying dragon, but those reptiles, so far as known, were only diminutive creatures, not one-twentieth the size or one-hundredth the bulk this bone indicated, if it belonged to a creature of that type.

After further comparison, however, I could only return to the dragon's wing for the nearest resemblance, and believing in my science, as taught by Cuvier, I determined to make a scientific announcement of what the fossil indicated, and trust to future discoveries to prove whether I was right or wrong. I therefore made a careful calculation of how large a pterodactyl must be to have a wing finger corresponding to the fragment I had found, and ascertained that its spread of

wings would be about twenty feet—truly a gigantic dragon even in this country of big things, where hitherto no pterodactyls large or small had yet been discovered. I therefore, with the courage of my convictions, announced the discovery and published a description, naming the new animal after my friend, Professor Owen of London, who had already written much on this group of fossil reptiles.

I confess that during the long winter that followed, I at times had my misgivings, at least to my calculations of the size the animal should have, and I longed for spring to come that I might go back to the Kansas locality, and find in other remains the confirmation of what my science had indicated. The opportunity did not occur, however, until June, 1871, when I was again encamped with a larger party on the same Smoky Hill River, within ten miles of the locality which I had found in the twilight of the well-remembered November day of the previous autumn.

As soon as our tents were pitched, I started with two or three companions to seek the locality, guided by the remembrance of the peculiar bluffs where I had worked during that day, and by the general direction I subsequently took in reaching the river bottom through the deep buffalo trails, worn in the rock. My eagerness was so great that I outstripped my companions, and rode rapidly toward the place where I hoped to find the cross I cut in the rock near the trail, and more important still, other portions of the bone that had caused me so much study.

My remembrance of localities did not fail me, and I soon was near the very spot, and riding down a deep trail which I seemed to recognize, I found the cross nearly as distinct as when I cut it. A moment later I was at the spot where I discovered the fossil bone, and soon detected fragments of it lying near, partially covered up by the loose chalk that had been washed over it by the winter storms. More important still, I found the impression of the bone itself in the rock, and following this up with great care, I obtained the upper end of the same bone, and made out the exact shape and length of the whole from the impression and remaining part. My determination of the bone was thus confirmed. But how about the size?

With my hunting knife and a small brush made from buffalo grass, I slowly and carefully cleared away the place where the upper end of the bone lay, and to my great joy, found another one which had fitted on to it when the animal was alive. Following this up with breathless anxiety, but with caution that long experience had given me, I uncovered still another bone, and at last the whole series that supported the gigantic wing of the ancient dragon. These I measured roughly as I took them up one by one, and making a sketch of them all as they were found, I was soon able to determine that my calculations based on the fragments were essentially correct, and that this first found American dragon was fully as large as my fancy had painted him.

My journey from New Haven was amply repaid, but greater rewards were to come, for during the month that I spent at hard work in this region, other dragons came to light, even more gigantic and much more wonderful than I had before imagined. For, unlike all other dragons, living or extinct, known to science or mythology, these reptiles, notwithstanding their gigantic size and vast spread of wings, from twenty to twenty-five feet—large enough to carry off a man—were without teeth, and hence comparatively harmless. This feature was especially strange. The birds, who were their contemporaries in this region ages before, were all well supplied with teeth, although no modern birds possessed them. This association in life of two groups of animals that seemed to have swapped characters in early days, is one of the strange things in science still without explanation.

In my later expeditions in Kansas and other regions in the West, I secured many other dragons, some six or seven hundred individuals in all, but taking them together, they have not given me half the pleasure and satisfaction afforded by the first fragment of dragon bone I found beside the Smoky Hill River, on that November evening in 1870.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The author first became acquainted with the life of Professor O. C. Marsh when he was writing *Charles H. Dow and the Dow Theory*, as both Dow and Marsh were included in a party of capitalists, newspaper men, and geologists that in 1879 traveled from the East to Leadville, Colorado, at the height of the silver-mining boom for the purpose of inspecting the mines.

Dow's description of Marsh written at the time reads as follows: "Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, is thickset, broad-shouldered, and rejoices in an ample beard of the richest auburn. He bears no resemblance to the typical professor in speech or demeanor. He calls the gentlemen who jump off the train at stations to gather flowers, 'weed sharps,' and denominates himself a 'bone man.' He seemed to know every foot of the ground in western Kansas and eastern Colorado, and many a tale told he. His scientific specialty is the collection of fossils, in pursuit of which he has made a dozen expeditions over the great plains. He tells strange stories of the mighty ocean that once rolled over the Great Central Plain of this continent, and stranger stories still of the inhabitants of that ancient deep."

The definitive biography of Marsh is *O. C. Marsh: Pioneer in Paleontology*, by Charles Schuchert and Clara Mae LeVene. Permission to use certain material from this work was granted by the Yale University Press and is gratefully acknowledged.

A lively account of Marsh and his great antagonist, Edward Drinker Cope, may be found in *The Dinosaur Hunters: Othniel C. Marsh and Edward D. Cope* by Robert Plate.

Permission to publish a portion of the narrative volume of O. C. Marsh, which is greatly appreciated, was granted by the Yale University Library. The manuscript may be found in the Othniel Charles Marsh Papers, Yale University Library.

George W. Bishop, Jr., *is head of the Department of Finance at Northern Illinois University. He is author of* Charles H. Dow and the Dow Theory *and is a frequent contributor to professional journals, encyclopedias, and popular magazines.*

In search of legendary Los Almagres, the author investigates old surface workings near Honey Creek, central Texas.

THE LOST BOWIE MINE

The Errant Past, and Elusive Present, of a Misplaced Hole in the Ground

By Dick Chick

JAMES BOWIE AND HIS BROTHER, Rezin P. Bowie, rode from the tall timber of Louisiana into the tall grass of Texas in the mid-1820s. The name of Bowie remains a name to conjure with in both places even now, although the coin bears more value in Texas, where it is underwritten by legend. The die for the Bowie currency in historical circles was, however, cast by the unsung brother Rezin, or "Reason," Bowie. Forging both the Bowie knife and the Bowie mine from the same mettle, Rezin lives only as the forgotten giver of both gifts to his brother James.

The younger Bowie helped spawn the legend of the Lost Bowie Mine and its bench of silver ore that, in modern times, would assay at no less than four thousand dollars to the ton. What is called the Lost Bowie Mine was known to Spaniards of the eighteenth century as *Los Almagres,* and is to the modern press the Lost San Saba Mine. Named in less popular legends *Las Iguanas,* the Lost Bowie Mine has run chameleon-like across the map of central Texas, adopting a protective coloration for every locale, as well as for every generation. By whatever name, it has fueled the ambitions of two centuries of Spanish, French, German, Anglo, Irish, and mongrel Americans sufficiently to set them to rooting in innumerable likely hillsides.

Where, in time, the story of the Los Almagres mine began is unknown. The early *patrón* of the Rio Grande, Don Diego Ramon, is known to have become interested in a rumored silver deposit in central Texas as early as 1714. Whatever prospecting efforts were thereby instigated by Ramon are unrecorded and forgotten. In 1725, according to the Spanish

chronicler Maravilla, a force of five hundred French soldiers supposedly braved both Spaniard and Comanche alike to march ninety leagues (236 miles) into middle Texas in search of a chimerical silver mine.

Not until 1753 was the name Los Almagres first committed to paper in the form of a sworn document locating silver in great proportions. In that year Spanish Lt. Juan Galvan led an expedition westward from the Mission San Xavier to a site on the Rio de las Chanas (Llanas, or Llano, River), where he reported the discovery of two significant silver ore bodies. Galvan's course and findings were duplicated in 1755 by the captain of the San Xavier Presidio, Don Pedro Rabago y Theran. Both Galvan and Rabago noted that the silver deposits were quite large and worthy of government attention.

One year later, in February of 1756, no less a personage than Don Bernardo de Miranda, lieutenant general of the Province of Texas, was commissioned by Governor Don Jacinto de Barrios y Jauregin to lead an official expedition to the site of Los Almagres, the red-ochre hills, to investigate the rumors of silver and report his discoveries in "due form" to the viceroy in Mexico City. Little aware, no doubt, that he was to discover his own immortality as well as a silver mine in the Almagres hills, Miranda and twenty-three men departed the villa of San Fernando (San Antonio) at two o'clock in the afternoon on February 17, 1756, on "the northward course" to Los Almagres. Eight days later, on February 25, Miranda made camp on a creek named the Little San Miguel, its name revealed to him by unnamed *los prácticos,* "those of experience," who accompanied him. By Miranda's own diary, which exists to this day, the trek to the Almagres hills had been an arduous undertaking due to the swollen rivers, heavy rains, and infirmity of the party's mounts caused by the harsh and rocky terrain.

The next day, February 26, Miranda crossed the Little San Miguel and marched to a point on one of the hills where a cave was discovered. A man with a pickax was set to work, and soon the cave was sufficiently widened to permit the admission of Miranda and his followers. With this seeming lack of effort, Miranda discovered what many men since have bartered their lives, fortunes, and sanity to find: silver, a gleaming bank of silver six feet in width playing the light of the Spaniards' torches. On the surface, Miranda and his band discovered an outcrop of the vein and followed it for thirty *varas,* or yards, before it sounded once more into the depths of the red hills.

In the few days remaining before the floods became dangerous, Miranda made examinations of the terrain from east to west along the Little San Miguel. On February 28 he followed the San Miguellito to its source west of his camp. On March 1 he and four soldiers explored the creek to its junction with the Rio de las Chanas, and thence along the Chanas to its confluence with the Rio Colorado, a large and unmistakable river that even now bears its Spanish name. Curtailing further explorations shortly thereafter, Miranda and the twenty-three men accompanying him backtracked the brutal route to San Antonio, arriving there on March 10, 1756.

Miranda's diary, in the original, was promptly remitted to Governor Barrios along with ore samples from the cave named by its discoverer San José del Alcazar. Adding a formal report to the diary and ore samples, Barrios and Miranda sent the package south to the superior government in Mexico City, thereby committing the vital information to the most monstrously slow bureaucracy that ever inhabited North America. Deliberation, perhaps caution, would more gracefully explain why Miranda's good news was met, some ten months later, with the recommendation that thirty-five hundred pounds more of samples would be needed for an accurate evaluation of Los Almagres' ore. The original samples, assayed by fire at the royal mines of Mazapil and Real del Monte, proved out at ten ounces and ten and one-half ounces to the pound, respectively.

Following Miranda's report, Los Almagres largely disappeared from official correspondence, the existence of the mine and its operations acknowledged only occasionally in the course of communiqués by the church and the military. The presidio at San Saba, established the year after Miranda's report and located only seventy miles from the mining region, provided the mine's closest official link to the empire for the next ten years.

Originally constructed to protect the nearby Mission Santa Cruz—a task to which it was unequal inasmuch as Comanches massacred the mission inhabitants less than one year after its founding—the presidio endured as the northernmost outpost on New Spain's frontier. The first indication that the silver deposits were being worked came when the commander of the presidio, Don Diego Ortiz Parrilla, made repeated suggestions that the fort move seventy miles to the southeast to protect the mines.

Later, in a letter to the viceroy, he expressed great fear for the "many families" then settled at Los Almagres working the silver mines. Moreover, Parrilla stated that the forces stationed in the mining country were inadequate unless forty additional men were assigned to the presidio at San Saba. Thereby is recorded the important information that families were already settled at Los Almagres and working the mines.

Los Almagres remained an obscure corner of the Spanish domain until 1790, when it was mentioned in Pacheco's account of the Lipan-Mescalero uprising. In the spring of that year, as Pacheco relates, five miners at Los Almagres were murdered in their sleep, after welcoming a Lipan band into their camp.

Twenty years later, in 1810, Lt. Juan Padilla of San Antonio led an armed reconnaissance into the hostile lands to the north. Although the official chronicle of the expedition, written by José Maria Garcia, has been lost, it is known from secondary sources that Padilla visited the mines of Los Alma-

The history of the Lost Bowie Mine is linked inexorably to that of the San Saba presidio, the ruins of which may still be seen seventy miles to the northwest.

gres and reported the ore to be very rich in silver. Padilla ventured on to the long-since decommissioned San Saba Presidio, where he carved his name into the gatepost. To this day, the inscription "Padilla 1810" may be seen in the stone. The final recorded visit of a Spaniard to Los Almagres was made by Ignacio Obregon, inspector of mines for all New Spain, in 1812. Again from secondary sources it is learned that Obregon reported noteworthy deposits of silver and recommended further exploitation of the region. Being engaged in a prospecting venture rather than a military operation, Obregon omitted the San Saba fort from his itinerary.

For a brief period Los Almagres and the San Saba Presidio passed as a legacy of legend to the government of the new nation of Mexico. Whatever knowledge the Mexicans possessed of the silver mines is a matter of conjecture, or perhaps a topic for further research. Someone, presumably Martín Perfecto de Cós, general of the Mexican Army and brother-in-law of dictator Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, wrote "Cós 1829" beneath Padilla's name on the presidio's gatepost. What connection ever existed between Cós's visit to the fort and the prolific legends of the "San Saba Mine" is one of the lesser historical mysteries. Far more of an enigma is the inscription left on the gatepost that same year by someone named Bowie. Prior to 1895, the legend "Bowie y su Tropa, 1829" was plainly visible in the stone. After 1895, some unknown wight altered the wording to read "Bowie Mine,1832," perhaps more in the spirit of frustrated silver prospecting than malevolent intent toward future generations of Coronado's Children.

The story of Los Almagres is a straightforward matter of sworn documents; the Lost Bowie Mine is a historical Hydra —lop off one question, and two more take its place. It is likely that the Bowies first heard the story of the San Saba mines in San Antonio, demonstrating that Los Almagres had already acquired a veneer of legend of powerful proportions. Rezin, James, and Cephas D. Hamm all left individual accounts of the search for the old Spanish mines, yet none of these reasonably congruent stories casts the action in the year 1829. Each of the three chroniclers was *compos mentia* enough to agree that the year was 1831 and, furthermore, that the party fell some six miles short of the fort. How, then, could Rezin have acquired a knowledge of the presidio's location and appearance that bespoke some personal observations on his part? James, conversely, seems to have relied on Rezin's knowledge of the San Saba area and never gives an indication of having previously seen the presidio. Inference, even circumstantial evidence, points to Rezin as the sculptor of "Bowie y su Tropa, 1829" and to the fact that the famous 1831 expedition was Rezin's *second* jaunt into the San Saba environs.

As Rezin records the events of the 1831 expedition, the party of nine men and two servant-boys departed San Antonio for the San Saba River on November 2. Somewhere near the Llano River, the Americans were overtaken by a Mexican-Comanche of old chief Isaonie's band and informed that 164 Comanches under a young war chief had caught the Bowies' trail, cutting the Anglos off from San Antonio. That the large band of Indians held malevolent designs on the intruders was obvious. Only then did the Americans, at Rezin's urging, decide to make way directly to the San Saba Presidio. This evidence must be relied on to suggest that the Bowies had no prior intention of searching for silver near the old fort, and due to the great amount of wandering the party did between the Llano and San Saba rivers, they probably had only scant idea of where to begin searching for silver mines.

A Comanche on horseback, even a large war party, could cover great distances at a killing pace. Historian Frank J. Dobie believed that such locomotion was capable of seventy or more miles per day over even the most forbidding terrain. The Bowies, as well, could travel light and fast, but not fast enough. Some six miles from the presidio, by Rezin's estimation, the war party and the treasure hunters locked in deadly combat. The Bowies and party, from behind a crude stone enclosure, held the Comanches at bay. For two days this

encounter resulted only in increasing Comanche casualties.

The Bowie party remained eight more days behind the stone walls. After they departed, the score was: Thomas McCaslin killed, James Buchanan wounded, and eighty-four Comanches dead. The Comanches themselves admitted their losses, an unusually credible body count. There was no military band to play the *Dequello,* no swaggering "Napoleon of the West," but this fight differed only in result from another fight five years later in which James Bowie met his death. There was, moreover, no Bowie mine found that could become a Bowie mine, lost. The Lost Bowie Mine is only one of the many names for Los Almagres.

Guidebooks, maps, and histories of Texas written throughout the nineteenth century mention the old Spanish mines on many occasions, situating them in many locations. Stephen F. Austin, colonizer of Texas, named modern Honey Creek in the Riley Mountains "Almagres," or "Almagro," Creek on two separate maps drawn in 1827 and 1829, respectively. Prince Carl of Solms-Braunfels brought German colonists to Texas seeking not only new soil for old plowshares, but the "San Savas" mines, as well. Upon arriving in Texas, Prince Carl's successor in colonization, Baron Ottfried Hans, Frieherr von Musebach, had both the wisdom to change his name to John O. Musebach and the foresight to engage a German professor of geology in a search for silver deposits as well as arable lands. Dr. Ferdinand Roemer therefore spent the year 1845–46 in an extensive reconnaissance of central Texas. With respect to silver, Roemer reported such deposition likely to occur in the Llano River area but wholly impossible near the San Saba Presidio, which he examined in detail. It was Roemer who made the first published notation of the inscriptions on the presidio's gatepost.

In the late nineteenth century, the identification of Los Almagres with the San Saba Presidio was virtually complete. Dobie's *Coronado's Children* makes a detailed study of the many searches, both wise and foolish, for the San Saba Mine. On and on the legends go: silver bullets embedded in logs near the presidio; a broken *metate* bearing the single word *Excavad;* a "magic circle" of inscriptions on Packsaddle Mountain that points the way to riches; map after map and, finally, an Indian with a whole trunkful of maps. In the end the legends relate that Bernardo de Miranda found his mine near the San Saba River in 1734. The mines were guarded by rattlesnakes, cursed by *Chisos,* destroyed by vindictive Apaches; or the "gold" turned to *carbón* in the wrong hands. The searchers came to the San Saba equipped with *brujas* (sorcerers), dreams, visions, "radio sleuths," pumps, metal detectors, electric logs, and shovels—always shovels.

PERHAPS THE ONLY PERSON to use intelligence in searching for the Spanish mines was the serendipitous historian Herbert Eugene Bolton. While working as a transcriber of Spanish historical documents in the Archivo General de Indias of Mexico City in 1907, young Bolton discovered a 1763 copy of Bernardo Miranda's report. Having earlier discovered Stephen F. Austin's 1829 map which identified a tributary of the Llano River as Almagres Creek, Bolton set about—in the spirit of the Greek philosopher Thales — proving that scholarship could be remunerative.

The upshot was that during a short vacation in Texas in 1907, in the company of J. Farley from Dallas, Bolton identified "beyond question" Honey Creek as Miranda's San Miguellito and a shallow pit on the Boyd Ranch as Miranda's mine. How Bolton rendered Miranda's *cueva* (cave) as denominating a pit less than six feet deep is something lesser minds can only contemplate with wonder. Shortly thereafter, Bolton, Farley, Fernando Miller, and F. M. Ramsey formed the Los Almagres Mining Company, Inc., to exploit the silver riches below. Confusion abounds as to what Bolton and his fellows ever extracted from the property. Sidney Paige, USGS geologist, recorded in 1909 that the group was extracting unknown quantities of gold and silver. Even now, some report nothing more than pyrite gossan.

Farley then wrote Bolton a letter urging continued faith because, although the silver was low grade, the gold extracted from the Boyd shaft was proving of ever-increasing value. Whatever the Los Almagres Mining Company took from the shaft was, however, overshadowed by the fifty-thousand-dollar investment they put into it. The legal lifespan of the company ended in 1929, when the corporate charter was forfeited for nonpayment of back taxes. The crumbling shaft work and a bravura footnote on page 83 of Bolton's *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century* are all that remain of this purported relocation of Miranda's mine. Intelligence, even Bolton's finely honed intelligence, is thereby demonstrated to be no prerequisite for successful lost mine hunting.

His method, however, was sound. Miranda's report, plus adequate geological information, in theory make the relocation of the cave of San José del Alcazar a simple matter of looking in the right place. The novitiate in San Saba mine lore can find the silver deposits in an afternoon's play with maps and calipers; if he needs further aid in locating the "right place," he might consult a descriptive marker near the Highway 71 bridge over Honey Creek, erected by the Texas State Historical Survey in 1966. The seeming facility with which the Los Almagres region can be found obscures the fact that for two centuries others have sought, and failed to find, the mines in the red hills. Once off Highway 71, the searcher will find the Riley Mountains to be as rough, brushy, and cactus covered as they appeared in 1756. Sudden rains still whip the San Miguellito to flood stage on a moment's notice, and in late summer the sun transforms the rocky slopes into a purgatory of heat, swarming gnats, cedar flies, and lurking rattlesnakes. Horses are useful only insofar as one follows goat trails—no silver has yet been found beside a goat trail—so the seeker of Los Almagres' rich store of history must proceed afoot.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Spanish miners employed this arrastra, ten miles southeast of Los Almagres, to crush silver ore.

When Spain vacated Los Almagres, it left very little of an obvious nature to mark its passing. The first concrete evidence discovered by the author during initial explorations in the mid-1960s was a single half-demolished smelter near the middle of Honey Creek Cove, found after two weeks of looking for nothing more specific than "Spanish sign." This smelter is approximately three and one-half feet in diameter. By digging below the present ground level within the smelter, it was discovered that the base plate, made of a large limestone rock, still bore traces of searing. This solitary furnace posed something of a problem, for it stood two miles south of Honey Creek in apparent contravention of Miranda's description of the location of his silver lode. There was simply no reason for this smelter to be where it was. Moreover, there was absolutely no sign of a slag pile to be found. This problem was resolved in time by the discovery of a seam of nearly pure cinnabar that ran the length of the Honey Creek Cove fault. In some places, the cinnabar seam could be located only three feet below ground, furnishing an excellent source for the mercury so vital in the reduction of Los Almagres silver. The solitary smelter stood less than one hundred feet from the cinnabar-bearing fault. There would, of course, have been no slag produced by the processing of cinnabar, for this ore completely volatilizes upon heating.

Without the ready availability of mercury, Los Almagres would be the subject of unverifiable fairy tales rather than history. Beginning in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Crown established an ironfisted mercury monopoly as a revenue measure, since mercury was vital to the patio process of amalgamation. The mercury monopoly was an excellent espionage device. No one could secretly refine silver in avoidance of the 20 percent tax without also having a clandestine mercury source.

Extensive exploration of the north bank of Honey Creek was performed by the author and several friends in August of 1966, which was as miserable a time as February 1756 to be out walking in the cedar brakes of the Almagres hills, although for opposite reasons from those given by Bernardo de Miranda. The object of this search was caves along the north bank of Honey Creek in particular, and anything out of the ordinary in general. Diligence in the first object led the party to many caves, all of which were thoroughly but fruitlessly explored. Diligence in looking for the "unusual" led us to the most significant discoveries.

If someday someone should relocate the lift-off point for the Ascension, his excitement might compare to that experienced by the author and his party when the first cross-mark was found deeply etched in a rock on the western slope of a hill about a mile and a half north of Honey Creek. This mark, in the familiar shape ⊢┼⊣ has its top oriented on a magnetic heading of 356°. The arms and stock of the cross are slightly over twelve inches long. Few experiences, however, can compare with the discovery of a second, larger cross of identical shape, oriented on the identical magnetic heading, *exactly fifty varas away* to the east. This cryptogram from the dead centuries of imperial Spain probably constitutes one side of a denounced mining claim. Further searches for the remaining two corners of this claim, and for other markings indicating other denouncements, yielded nothing. Within the area of this claim, the investigating party could find no evidence of mining activity.

By far the most indicative discovery of this search of the Almagres hills was of the smelter complex on a plain a mile and a half southeast of the crosses. Three furnaces, similar to the mercury smelter in Honey Creek Cove, were situated on this second smelter site—until 1968 when they were scattered by a brush-clearing bulldozer. The three smelters were undoubtedly used for the reduction of a lead-bearing silver ore. The slag heap was utilized as a source of lead by many residents of the area for bullet-making until it was totally removed; its original Anglo discoverer kept the site a personal secret during the 1870s. His name now forgotten, the "Bullet-Maker of Honey Creek Cove" had a profitable business in the manufacture of lead bullets. According to legend, the bullet-maker never kept any lead in stock, preferring instead to obtain the metal from his secret source as immediate demand warranted. Whenever a customer came to his cabin, the bullet-maker would make a short trip to his undisclosed lead cache and return with metal which he cast directly into bullets without smelting or alloying. After the bullet-maker's

death, the source of his lead became a matter of public knowledge. Consequently, the lead slag around the smelters was soon completely removed.

Mrs. Mame Gray, longtime resident of Honey Creek Cove, possesses numerous smelting paraphernalia obtained from the site of the three smelters. Mrs. Gray's collection includes a crude iron ladle, some small conical molds of an unglazed ceramic substance, and a steel spoon of more recent manufacture recovered near the slag pile.

Thus, by the end of 1967, the researches into the remains of Los Almagres stood at the point of being able to substantiate Spanish mining activity in the area. On the credit side of the historical ledger were counted the three smelters, the smelting tools, the mercury smelter and its cinnabar deposit, the two crosses describing one side of a denounced claim, and the single surface working south of Honey Creek. On the debit side, many questions remained to be solved. Don Bernardo's cryptic observation of March 1, 1756, that many veins of mineral existed wherever a hillock was provided and that these deposits were indicated by the many white and marbled pebbles in the bed of Honey Creek was one such problem. Examination of the bed of the creek, especially within the borders of Honey Creek Cove in 1968, resulted in the discovery that the area contained a remarkable amount of travertine. Travertine is an imprecise term for two forms of weathered carbonate minerals, aragonite and calcite. Both of these carbonates are formed in profusion in the limestone solution caves north of Honey Creek, where the solution of limestone and water forms the weak carbonic acid and then reconcentrates into the two crystalline forms of carbonates, calcite and aragonite.

Therefore, for the travertine "white and marbled pebbles" to have indicated silver to Don Bernardo, the silver host rock in the cave of San José del Alcasar must have been ore associated with calcite. Weathered fragments of the calcite from the cave area north of Honey Creek that was carried by water to the bed of the creek formed the abundant deposits of travertine.

In June of 1968, the exploration of Los Almagres was moved ten miles southeast to the vicinity of Walnut Creek, in order to take advantage of an important clue in Miranda's report that had previously gone unnoticed. If the ore was in calcite, the Spanish miners of the Almagres needed some facility for crushing the ore and separating out the lighter carbonate rock from the heavier silver. Since the Almagres mines had produced enough crude ore to occupy the capacities of three smelters, the operation dictated the use of an arrastra—a circular mill on which the ore could be pulverized —situated in a permanent and fast-flowing stream. Miranda's report had counseled against reliance on the San Miguel for a permanent water source. Then, as now, Honey Creek failed to flow continuously during the dry season.

Only four "short" leagues (ten miles) away, however, Miranda had discovered a small creek that gave evidence of being permanent and which flowed rapidly enough to serve the mine workings. Our reconnaissance of Walnut Creek paid a rapid dividend. The arrastra was located approximately three hundred feet south of the Willow City Road, etched into the limestone bedrock of Walnut Creek along the west bank. The outside diameter of the arrastra is seven and one-half feet, the millwheel track is two feet wide, and the inside stone bearing a notched hole for the center post is five and one-half feet across. The track varies in depth from twelve to over eighteen inches. A diversion channel still routes water from the middle of the stream through the arrastra and out through an exhaust ditch back into the creek. Walnut Creek has for two centuries washed through this silent monument to the miners of Los Almagres.

By June of 1968, therefore, the chain of evidence lacked only one significant link: the location of the mines. The number of identified surface workings slowly increased to seven—not including the speciously Hispanic Boyd Shaft—but the actual mine tunnels and the gleaming depths of San José del Alcazar continued to elude discovery. The surface diggings are, obviously, satisfactory sources for some part of the Spaniard's silver. Indeed, several of the workings are quite large and show evidence of much hand drilling. Yet, to feed the appetites of the three smelters and the large arrastra during seventy years of Spanish cognizance of Los Almagres, demands made of the earth were more than seven shallow pits can supply.

The discouraging truth is that Don Bernardo's San José del Alcazar remains unfound. Had this single cavern constituted the whole of Los Almagres, historians could ignore what happened there two centuries ago along the banks of the San Miguel, and Miranda would continue to be a *habitué* of footnotes. The only true shaft found by the author's investigations was discovered along a hogback between two hills a mile and a half west of the Spanish crosses and at the westernmost limit of what these researchers consider to be the Hispanic Almagres. The shaft was dug into a fault that has not yet been fully traced. Within one-half mile of the shaft are three caves, and farther to the north, two other cave openings have been found that indicate a continuation of the fault line. What this shaft conceals is unknown. Forty feet past the entrance, the way is blocked by a massive downfall that could be removed only with great difficulty. As if to tantalize the modern searcher for silver wealth, the collapsed shaft is exactly one-fourth of a league north of Honey Creek.

This is the substance of Los Almagres. Its soul may be felt in the sensorium of cicadas and cedar bark on an August afternoon, or in phantom-certain midnights by the San Miguel. This soul entices, lures, mocks, weaves webs in men's minds, and waits in the depths of a silver cavern to sleep the sleep of dead fact.

Dick Chick *is a native Texan and a long-time student of lost mines and buried treasure.*

A Matter of Opinion

BISBEE'S CIVIL DISORDER—In Reply

TO THE EDITOR:

In a recent article ("Bisbee's Response to Civil Disorder," THE AMERICAN WEST, May 1972), Pamela Mayhall has included several inaccuracies which I am sure you would want called to your attention.

Mrs. Mayhall says that the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) had a peak membership of about one hundred thousand in 1912. No responsible sources indicate that Wobbly strength exceeded fourteen thousand in 1912. Its membership may have reached sixty thousand in late 1917, but its leadership by that time had been jailed, and its potency—negligible from the start—was rapidly vanishing. Bisbee's IWW's numbered less than four hundred out of more than four thousand miners in the district.

The deportation of strikers from Bisbee on July 12, 1917—according to high-ranking officials of the Phelps Dodge Corporation itself—was actually part of a long-range program to break the political hold that bona fide organized labor had on Arizona at that time. Private company correspondence files show this clearly. The deportation had been planned months in advance and coordinated with similar but less spectacular deportations at the same time throughout the state. Rifles, machine guns, and ammunition had been delivered as early as April for the purpose. There is voluminous evidence of this motive and nothing reliable or substantial to the opposite.

Contrary to the author's statement, John Greenway (general manager of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company) helped organize and conduct the July 11 meeting at which final arrangements were made for the deportation of strikers. He was also the most conspicuous representative of management at the Warren ball park the next morning. He did not go to war until late the following October.

No testimony under oath was ever given to indicate any violence had been precipitated by the strikers, and no "physical force" was ever used by anyone other than "Loyalty Leaguers" prior to the deportation. The criteria for being an "IWW" was any striker who would not, at the Warren ball park, agree to return to work. All of the AF of L leaders in Bisbee were deported, as well as many long-time politically active citizens such as lawyer William Cleary. Department of Justice records, as well as those of the Phelps Dodge Corporation, show that several hundred aliens of Mexican origin were also among those deported.

At Columbus not the army but local civilian officials acting upon the directions of New Mexico Governor W. E. Lindsey ordered the train carrying deportees to turn around.

The vigilante rule of Bisbee lasted for three months, not merely "two weeks." Attorney General Wiley Jones was sent to Bisbee by Governor Thomas Campbell on August 6. Jones did not go to Bisbee on his own or "immediately after the deportation."

The author states that the first trial of the deporters involved the state's prosecution of H. E. Wootton and that Sheriff Harry Wheeler was forced to return to Arizona from wartime France to participate. Actually, the first "trial" was a federal matter (*U.S.* v. *Wheeler et al.*). Charges were brought in the federal district court in Tucson by federal prosecutors W. L. Fitts and Oliver E. Pagan. For the Bisbee mining corporations' officials and employees, attorney E. E. Ellinwood on May 18, 1918, filed a demurrer which was referred by Arizona Federal District Judge William Sawtelle to a federal tribunal in San Francisco. The case was postponed until the indictments could be reviewed. This tribunal (on December 2, 1918), as well as the United States Supreme Court (December 1920), sustained the demurrer; in other words, no federal "trial" ever took place. Despite Sheriff Wheeler's name in the title of the case, he remained in France. He did send a cablegram "assuming all responsibility for deportation." In addition he commented that "the Eagles feel only contempt for those vultures at home (the plaintiffs), but do not fear them."

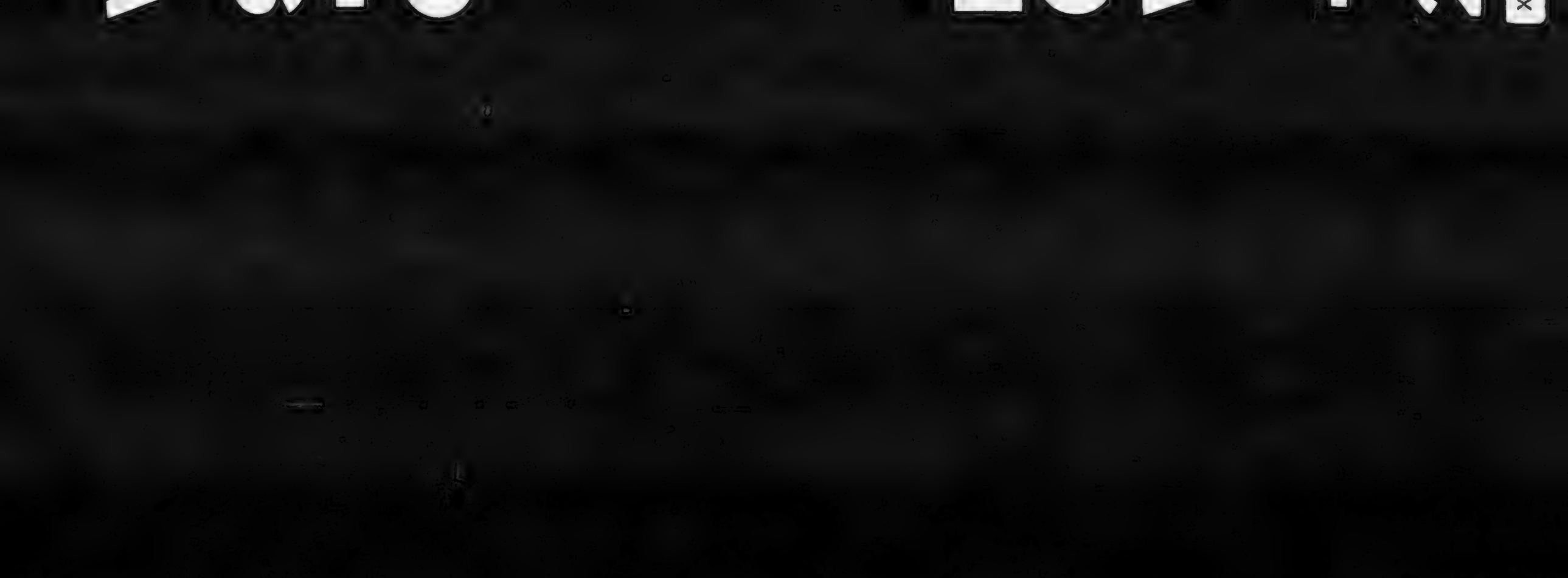
The Arizona trial took place in Tombstone in February-May 1920. Sheriff Harry Wheeler was back, by then, from the war, but his popularity in Cochise County prompted Judge Samuel Pattee to replace him with Wootton as the representative defendant.

I am personally no friend of American labor unions or radicalism. I have strong loyalties to the copper industry in Arizona. Historical truth admittedly sometimes appears to be embarrassing. Arizona's mining operators, however, make no apologies for their program of obtaining more favorable political conditions in 1917. Political methods were more open and direct in those days.

The errors that I have referred to here are merely a sample of the many misunderstandings which exist today among historians regarding this significant but generally neglected event in American history.

James W. Byrkit
Fallbrook, California

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*



My Dear Wister: The Frederic Remington–Owen Wister Letters

REVIEWED BY JOHN SEELYE

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is unusual, if not unique, for THE AMERICAN WEST *to reprint a review from another magazine, and particularly a review of an American West book. However, the following critique, which appeared in the September 2, 1972, issue of* The New Republic, *seemed to us to be a contribution to literature as well as an in-depth analysis and commentary on the book,* My Dear Wister.

WHEN HUCK FINN declared that he was going to light out for the Territory, he was speaking of the area beyond Arkansas and Missouri, the present states of Oklahoma and Kansas, as it existed in the 1840s. He was expressing the wanderlust of all Americans, for whom the westering urge had held, like the trade winds, for more than two centuries, but he was expressing in particular Mark Twain's own discontent with "civilization," the strictures and structure of the eastern establishment as opposed to the open, untrammeled spaces and freedom of the western territories. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is set in the 1840s, but it was written in the '70s and '80s, and the meaning of that final declaration gains a certain dimension thereby, for the frontier was fast closing in and closing down as well. And Mark Twain was not alone in his nostalgic reaction to the complexities of emerging Modern America. Even as it closed, the western frontier was sought by an avid trio that was to create the popular image of what the West was all about, a compound of cowboys, cavalry, and cussed Injuns: Owen Wister, Frederic Remington and Theodore Roosevelt.

My Dear Wister: The Frederic Remington–Owen Wister Letters by Ben Merchant Vorpahl *(American West Publishing Co., Palo Alto, Calif.; 1972, 343 pp., foreword, illus., notes, index, $9.95).*

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was published in 1885, and it was in that same year that young Owen Wister took a train trip to the Wyoming Territory for his health. The son of Philadelphia gentry and the grandson of Fanny Kemble, Wister had graduated from Harvard with hopes of a career in music. He had been encouraged in this ambition by the praise of Franz Liszt during a postgraduate tour of Europe, but family pressure had forced him into a business career and the study of law. Freud would have recognized the "nervous ailment" which resulted in Wister's trip west: like Huck Finn, he had sickened of civilization and lit out for the only remaining territory. His first western journey eventually led to Wister's writing the book that has become, with all its faults, the "classic" western novel —*The Virginian.*

It was in 1885 also that Frederic Remington made a decisive trip to the Far West. A native of upstate New York who had attended Yale until family reversals made him withdraw, Remington like Wister had artistic ambitions. But art as she was taught (in a basement) at Yale in the late nineteenth century did not satisfy him, and as Wister enjoyed the Harvard curriculum less than club life and amateur theatricals (while graduating *magna cum laude),* so the burly Remington got his greatest satisfaction from playing on the Yale football team captained by Walter Camp. Entering college the same year as Wister, he lasted only a year. His father's death and his mother's displeasure with his artistic leanings were but two of several reasons, but the result was a restless period of wandering about from job to job. By 1882, when Wister was touring Europe and enjoying Wagner's operas, Remington had drifted as far west as Peabody, Kansas. He bought a mule ranch with some of the money left him by his father, but soon found that ranching was pretty much like any other business and to hell with it. He sold his ranch in 1884 and headed "somewhere else," this time to the Southwest. He apparently had no definite plan, but he did a considerable amount of sketching in the field, amateurish but energetic drawings which contain all the essentials but none of the craft of his later work. Returning to Kansas City, Remington was able to sell some of the paintings based on his sketches, and though he was swindled out of his patrimony by owners of a saloon he had invested in, the loss was less a setback than the cutting of familial apron strings. He returned to New York only long enough to marry the girl who was waiting for him and then headed west again to Arizona.

Though Remington and Wister both went west in 1885, they went separately, in more ways than one. Of the two, it was Remington who most resembled Huck Finn, whose personality was most easily accommodated to the western mood, and who, early on, had determined that his future would be tied up with an artistic record of the last frontier. Wister, on the other hand, went west for his health, not for material, and had no idea of becoming a "western" writer. It would be hard to think of a less likely candidate for that office than the dilettantish dude who was escorted to Wyoming by two maiden aunts in 1885. Still, his daily journal (edited in part by his daughter and published in 1958 as *Owen Wister Out West*) recorded a surprisingly positive reaction: the scenery struck him as monotonous but "beautiful," and reminded him "of the northern part of Spain," and a nighttime scene recalled "*Die Walkure*—this which is much more than my most romantic dream could have hoped." He wasn't at all surprised, he wrote, that "a man never comes back after he has once been here for a few years." Yet he only stayed a couple of months himself, and

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when he returned to Boston, he went back to Harvard Law School as well, and though he began to have some success at writing, his pieces in the *Atlantic* were on "The Greek Play" and "Republican Opera."

Wister went west again in the summer of 1887 but once again returned to law school in Philadelphia. In 1888, he took another western vacation, and returned home to finish his degree and set up a law practice. He also worked on an opera about Montezuma, a subject only remotely connected with Wyoming, but when another bout of bad health sent him west in the fall of 1889, he returned with notes for the stories which were to make him famous, and his next trip in the summer of 1891 was, like Remington's journey in 1885, with the stated intention "to jot down all shreds of local colour and all conversations and anecdotes decent or otherwise that strike me as native wild flowers. After a while I shall write a great fat book about the whole thing." The "fat book" eluded him for the time being, and the "whole thing" seems never to have come within his grasp, but that fall his first western stories, "Hank's Woman" and "How Lin McLean Went East," were published by *Harper's*. They established him quickly as a western writer, but as their titles suggest, Wister's West (like that of Bret Harte) was from the very beginning an extension of eastern attitudes. Wister noted with relief in his earliest journals that "every man, woman, and cowboy I see comes from the East—and generally from New England, thank goodness." Lin McLean was just such a cowboy, and though his trip back home ended in disgust over eastern narrowness, the cycle of his western adventures (published as *Lin McLean* in 1895) ended in a proper marriage, symbol of western accommodation to eastern ideals of order.

Considering the importance of marriage to the ending of *The Virginian*, Wister in a number of his short stories betrays a surprising element of misogyny, and there are other signs that his use of the marriage theme was the result of mixed motives. Molly Stark, the heroine of *The Virginian*, took her first name from that of Wister's own bride, and the idyllic honeymoon in the novel was based on Wister's also. The largely feminine readership of *Harper's* (where Wister's books were serialized) was another factor, as was the blue pencil of its editor, Henry Mills Alden, but perhaps the greatest influence shaping Wister's West, responsible for the taming process by which his realistic journal entries became romantic fiction, was Wister's good friend and fellow Harvard graduate, Theodore Roosevelt. Wister was not always comfortable with Roosevelt's progressive politics (and lived long enough to die loathing the even more progressive Roosevelt of the thirties), but the old school tie was strong and his respect for the man was great. Though he didn't always follow Roosevelt's literary advice, he accepted it and was affected likewise by the sheer magnetism of the man. What Howells was to Mark Twain, Roosevelt was to Wister, not so much a literary censor as a moral mentor, whose force of personality shaped the final bias of the other man's work.

Roosevelt, like Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Ulysses S. Grant and a score of sundry other Indian killers and filibusterers, had made political capital out of his own wilderness campaign, and not a little literary capital also. Having graduated from Harvard three years before Wister, he preceded him west as well, following a sequence of personal and political disasters. From 1883 to 1887 he raised beef and his own muscles in Dakota Territory, affecting a legendary transformation and fixing a useful political image. Though his western enterprise ended in the disastrous winter of 1886-87, the books he wrote upon returning east, along with his complementary philosophy of "the strenuous life," promoted a popular idea of the West as a perpetual preserve of high-minded adventure. Even before he became Wister's literary adviser, Roosevelt's *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail* (1891) helped to create an eastern market for the western idea—so long as that idea was suitable to eastern tastes.

Roosevelt's book was illustrated by Remington, whose fortunes were on the rise by the early nineties, and when Wister's "Hank's Woman" appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, the same issue carried part of a series by Remington on the Sioux uprising which resulted in the Battle of Wounded Knee, and it was only

Continued on page 62

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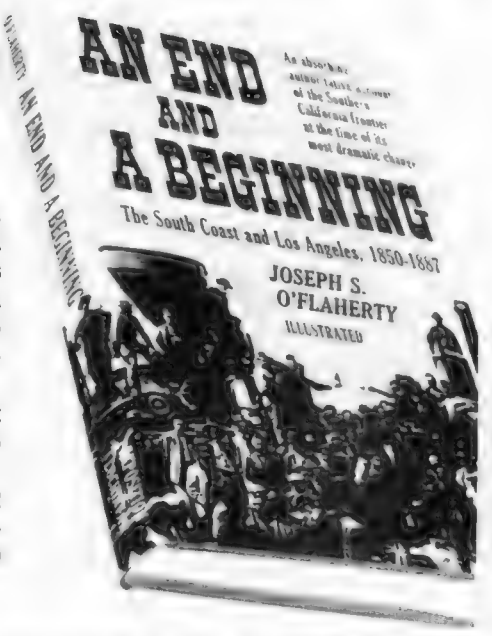

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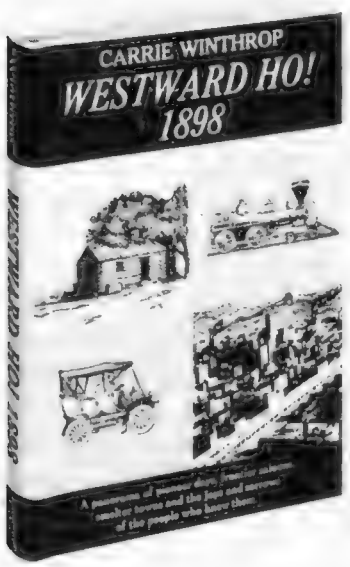

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Yellowstone: A Century of the Wilderness Idea

REVIEWED BY ERWIN NORMORE THOMPSON

THIS SUPERB BOOK should be read by every person who has even the slightest interest in the national park idea. I have trod many miles of the backcountry and have been enthralled by its beauty and its mystery. But after reading this book I shall see each frost crystal, each flower, each animal, each geyser, and each mountain with an even greater appreciation and a deeper wonderment than before.

Yellowstone: A Century of the Wilderness Idea by Ann and Myron Sutton, photographs by Charles Steinhacker and others *(Macmillan, New York, 1972; 220 pp., illus., biblio., index, $25.00).*

The authors write: "Each of these is a part of the world the hiker may not understand completely. . . . He cannot solve every riddle he sees, but he reads the trail as he does a book and gets more glimpses of creation than he did back in the shelter of civilization." *Yellowstone* shows how to read the trail.

In this one hundredth anniversary of the world's first national park, the Suttons' book begins with a dramatic account of a summer trip through the park's remote Thorofare country. It concludes with a return to Yellowstone when winter has slowed the energies of Lamar Valley. In between there are outstanding essays on the natural world of the park and its human history: the high country, geysers, grizzlies, forests, birth of the national park idea, the flowering of that idea at home and around the world, and a look into the future.

At first glance, some of the essays may be slightly puzzling. Reading "High Country," for example, one will not find sweeping descriptions of mountains. Instead this chapter deals with many things. Suddenly, the realization comes that this is what the high country, and Yellowstone, is—many different things, individuals building into ecosystems, ecosystems forming the whole.

Surely few places have been photographed as much as Yellowstone. One may ask if we need still another collection of illustrations. The answer is a resounding "Yes." Never has Yellowstone been more gloriously portrayed than it is here. The photographs—the majority of which were taken by Charles Steinhacker—are fresh, pertinent, beautiful, and magnificently reproduced. Also not to be overlooked is a fine collection of historical photographs, many of these from the Haynes Foundation.

In their brief history of the park, the Suttons fairly note the successes and failures of both the U.S. Army and the National Park Service administrations. If man is capable of learning from history, this section will be of immense value. Yet, in giving praise and blame, the authors might have pointed out that while army men administered the park for thirty years, the policies and the management philosophy came from the Department of the Interior before, during, and after that period. Nevertheless there is enough praise and sufficient criticism of both agencies in the book. As the Suttons point out regarding past errors of judgment in park wildlife management: "Today we look with horror upon such proceedings, as often happens with the advantage of hindsight."

This book is by no means a formal history of Yellowstone's men and women —such figures as Chittenden, Mather, and Albright are not mentioned. The authors have rather chosen, correctly in my opinion, to restrict the story to Yellowstone itself and the national park idea. Others have written or are writing the history of man in this region. But some history is included, and therefore note must be made of two or three matters.

The amount of faith the text places on a thirty-four-year-old memory concerning the 1870 Washburn party's campfire at Madison Junction is somewhat surprising to this reviewer. Whether or not a concept of a national park sprang forth on that particular night, however, the authors do point out that much of the early promotion for the park originated with railroad magnates and other commercially-oriented men. Potential opponents to the idea remained amazingly mute, apparently because they did not realize the nature of the proposal. The proponents did not have a clear concept of the future either. Had they been able to foresee the problems that Yellowstone would soon face, we might not be celebrating its centennial in 1972.

In 1877 a few of the Nez Percés who were fleeing their homeland for the security of Canada attacked some startled tourists in Yellowstone. The implication in the narrative that these Nez Percés were reacting "to the changes brought by increased tourism" is far-fetched. The Indians were hundreds of miles from their home and they were simply "reacting" to having recently suffered many casualties (men, women, and children) at the hands of white soldiers.

One last matter of note concerns the authors' criticism of Old Faithful Inn. Many would agree that, by today's standards, it was built too close to Old Faithful. And it was somewhat thoughtlessly constructed from park materials, including the five hundred tons of stone in the lobby fireplace. But not everyone would agree that it is "grandiose and pompous." Some would say that in terms of its own times, it is eloquent and grand and perhaps unique. More important, this old hotel has gained historical significance in its own right. It is not an "artificiality" that should be removed. Old Faithful Inn has its own important life—and a right to survive.

In his message in this book, Prince Philip, trustee of the World Wildlife Fund, writes that "because of our power we have the responsibility for all life on earth." This book shows that man is capable of assuming that responsibility, and it vividly tells just what this responsibility involves. Ann and Myron Sutton have given Yellowstone, and all of us, a most handsome and important centennial present.

Erwin Normore Thompson *is National Park Service historian and author of* Shallow Grave at Waiilatpu, The Sagers' West *and* Modoc War, Its Military History and Topography.

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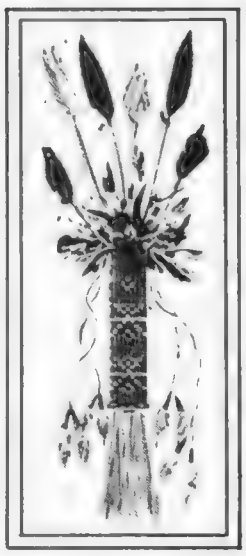

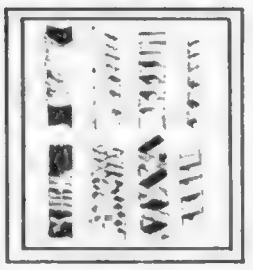

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The Last Captive

REVIEWED BY EDWARD HAKE PHILLIPS

THE ENCINO PRESS and the able journalist and historian, A. C. Greene, have brought out a significant book on the American West, reviving in modern trappings with informative editing an Indian captive's narrative that first appeared in print in 1899. That narrative was dictated by a German-American frontiersman from Loyal Valley, Texas: Herman Lehmann, who was "the last white captive to be released by the Comanches," if his voluntary association with Quanah Parker's band can be called "captivity." A captive of the Jicarilla Apaches he certainly had been, however, having been seized in central Texas in May 1870, shortly before his eleventh birthday, and forced to adopt the life of the nomadic Apaches for six turbulent years as they followed their "continual raid, kill, steal, flee cycle."

The Last Captive by A. C. Greene *(Encino Press, Austin, 1972; 161 pp., illus., biblio., $8.95).*

Believing his family to have been massacred and finding the naturalistic, adventurous life of the Plains Indians appealing, Lehmann proceeded to embrace the red man's life style and became totally assimilated in a remarkably short time. Enduring brutality and hardships and meeting all challenges, Lehmann won the status of Apache warrior and even petty chief, participating in countless raids against frontier settlers, cowboys, buffalo hunters, freighters, Mexican traders, army troopers, and Texas Rangers. When not on the warpath, Lehmann and his Jicarillas engaged in a constant round of buffalo hunting, mustang racing, stunting, gambling, courting, and carousing. Lehmann would have us believe that although hardships of travel, weather, hunger, thirst, and illness were many, boredom seldom visited the Indian, except on the reservation.

Such an attractive life, for one who did not blanch at the murderous use of the Winchester, lance, bow, and scalping knife, had such an appeal that Lehmann passed up many opportunities to return to his white neighbors (except as a raider!). Only when further resistance was hopeless did he allow himself, most reluctantly, to be repatriated to his family in 1878. There he found the transition to white civilization far more difficult and less satisfying than the earlier transition to Indian life. His subsequent career was relatively insignificant, though for half a century he was a living legend and bold raconteur who undoubtedly rubbed some of the dullness from life in Mason County, Texas.

Lehmann died in 1932, but not until after two versions of his Indian career had appeared, the first in 1899 by Jonathan H. Jones and the second in 1929 by J. Marvin Hunter. Now we have a third version, pieced together from the earlier two, by A. C. Greene, who has appended helpful and perceptive comments while, unaccountably, labeling himself author rather than editor of the book. Greene's research and editing have not been exhaustive; indeed his bibliography lists but sixteen sources, and no use was made of government records nor of the numerous historical and anthropological studies of the Apaches. Yet one almost feels grateful that Greene did not spoil this highly readable narrative with too much scholarly apparatus. In this age of renewed interest in the red man's culture and disillusionment with white civilization, this book needs to be read and not dissected.

Few Indians have been able to articulate their message as well as this adopted white brother, and Lehmann, who accepted both the white world and the red, is perhaps less biased than those who have known viscerally only the one or the other. While Lehmann gives us interesting glimpses of a few significant figures such as Victorio, Quanah Parker, and Ranald Mackenzie, the value of this narrative does not lie in specific events and people; indeed his chronology and itinerary are a crazy quilt that Greene wisely made little effort to unravel.

Rather it is Lehmann's portrayal of Indian life, personality, and perspective that really count. He gives detailed descriptions of such activities as the making of buffalo hide shields that could turn aside a rifle bullet, the indelicate habits of Indian gourmets wolfing down the contents of a buffalo's stomach, and the raucous hanky-panky of Indian sexual life. Most valuable is the insight we get of Indian emotions: the sadistic cruelty practiced on captives, the utter contempt and hatred shown the white invaders, the religious communion with nature, and above all the vigorous affirmation of freedom.

Lehmann himself partook fully of this free spirit, and because he and his Indian brothers were so vital and vibrant, he causes us to reexamine our own way of life. Indeed, A. C. Greene would have us wonder whether Lehmann was "the last captive," or if we are.

Edward Hake Phillips *is the Guy M. Bryan, Jr., Professor of History at Austin College, Sherman, Texas.*

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Nunaga: Ten Years of Eskimo Life

REVIEWED BY TED C. HINCKLEY

SPOTTING THE TITLE, some potential readers may grumble, "What! Yet another Peter Freuchen–Vilhjalmur Stefansson Arctic true-life adventure story?" To so airily pooh-pooh accounts of men capable of a wilderness accommodation reveals a dismal lack of imagination and worse, gross misunderstanding of people.

Nunaga: Ten Years of Eskimo Life by Duncan Pryde *(Walker and Co., New York, 1972; 285 pp., illus., map, $7.95).*

For his setting, *Nunaga's* author, Duncan Pryde, takes us north to the Canadian Arctic to Bathurst Inlet and Perry Island, a part of the globe which "even in late summer, . . . looked bleak and utterly desolate, a blotchy, brown flatland devoid of life," he recalls, "a vast panorama of emptiness, so bleak and so desolate that it possessed its own unique beauty." Pryde recounts his ten years of experience (1958–68) as a Hudson's Bay Company trader among those amazing human beings, the Eskimos. *Nunaga* has no cavalry charges nor apocalyptic scenes as still another culture is thrown into that dustbin of history reserved for the technically inferior. However, in microscopic fashion we painfully come to realize that the Eskimos' culture also is doomed. Doomed not by booze or bullets, not even by bacteria, but by a perfectly normal desire to make their frequently cruel existence more tolerable. As quickly as possible the Eskimos wish to exchange their culture for that of the white man.

In what was essentially one man's adventure, Pryde initially found himself pitted against an alien environment and its bizarre if magnificent inhabitants. Finally, having mastered their language and Arctic survival, he was entitled to say *nunaga,* "my land, my country." Fifty years ago an Arctic trader was absolutely marooned. Today radio and airplane afford a reassuring link with the outside—one that Pryde frankly confesses was immensely comforting. No different than in the days of Radisson and Groseilliers, however, Pryde's trade goods made him something of a superman among the indigenes.

The development of this symbiotic relationship is fascinating. *Nunaga* is vibrant with episodes that make us laugh at ourselves yet seriously ponder whether, with all our flesh comforts, we are as civilized as the unwashed Eskimo.

Certainly anthropologists will find the book rewarding, although annoyed by the lack of an index. The Walter Mittys among the reading public will find *Nunaga* a delightful way to escape from their mundane lives. Although most suburbanites will never take a sled ride over treacherous broken ice, in this book they can vicariously enjoy this and much more. From beginning to end they can fantasize themselves into an adventure story in which almost all of the major ingredients for high drama are revealed: man against himself; man against man; man against the environment—they are all there.

Despite the admission that this is not a history book, but a personal account by a twentieth-century Scot adventurer, my behavioralist friends may remain discomforted. "Why, in fact," they may inquire, "should such a work even be reviewed by a historian, much less featured in a history publication? Is not Thomas Carlyle's Great Man, if not in his historic coffin, consigned to a historiographic rest home?"

First of all let me reply that Duncan Pryde does not picture himself as a great man, although among Perry Island Eskimos he became one. In fact he was paid the ultimate compliment and invited to share a friend's wife. Few would argue any more that the hands of a Napoleon or Bismarck shape history. Indisputably scholarly shrapnel from the post-World War II knowledge explosion has intimidated even the most hero-prone of historians. We are required to consider numerous causative factors that rarely, if ever, bothered a Bancroft or Parkman. But does it follow that a dissatisfied, self-reliant, ex-seaman turned Arctic trader, and finally member of the Northwest Territories Council cannot reveal, in word and deed, elements of historical change, aspects which so many of us, seemingly satisfied with suburbia and its swimming pools, may never otherwise grasp? Charles Eliot Norton regretted that late nineteenth-century American literature was witnessing the eclipse of the heroic personality. The figure whose suffering struggles inspired readers was being overshadowed by characters reflective only of "the great mass of vulgar Americans."

Man may no longer be the measure of all things, but heaven help us twentieth-century historians and laymen alike if Mr. Average Man entirely displaces the individualist on history's stage.

Ted C. Hinckley *is professor of history at San Jose State University and director of that institution's Sourisseau Academy for California state and local history. His book,* The Americanization of Alaska, 1867–1897, *has been recently published by Pacific Books, Palo Alto.*

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The Genesis of the Frontier Thesis

REVIEWED BY EDWIN R. BINGHAM

The Genesis of the Frontier Thesis: A Study in Historical Creativity by Ray Allen Billington *(Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., 1971; 351 pp., biblio., notes, index, $8.50).*

ALMOST FROM the time of Carl Becker's essay in *American Masters of Social Science* (Howard Odum, ed., 1927), Frederick Jackson Turner and his thesis have compelled the interest of historians. In fact, probably more has been written about Turner than about any other professional American historian with the possible exception of Charles A. Beard. Yet it is entirely appropriate that the book under review should be written by Ray Allen Billington.

Throughout most of his career, Billington—a midwesterner as was Turner—has concentrated on the frontier and the West. He produced a standard text, *Westward Expansion* (1949), followed by *The Far Western Frontier, 1830–1860* (1956), *America's Frontier Heritage* (1966), and *Dear Lady: The Letters of Frederick Jackson Turner and Alice Forbes Perkins Hooper, 1910–1932* (1970). Moreover, when on January 2, 1960, the Turner Papers at the Huntington Library were made available to scholars, Billington was present and three years later left his academic chair in history at Northwestern University to become senior research associate at the Huntington Library, the same post that Turner held at the time of his death.

This book is a leisurely and loving treatment of the shaping of the best known and most influential interpretation of the American past. As Billington explains in the preface, the study began as a chapter for a biography of Turner scheduled for publication in 1972. Soon, however, the dimensions of the work were stretched far beyond chapter length and the only feasible solution was to put together this book.

In a brief introductory chapter Professor Billington raises a series of questions about the genesis of the frontier interpretation: Was it a matter of sudden inspiration or of slow, searching synthesis? Why should an obscure, fledgling historian advance such an influential and arresting thesis? What in the young man's background, training, and character equipped him—rather than an established historian or social scientist—to forge the frontier thesis?

In seven subsequent chapters Billington searches out the answers by examining Turner's Wisconsin boyhood, his academic preparation in history at the University of Wisconsin under William Francis Allen, and his graduate days at Johns Hopkins under Herbert Baxter Adams, Woodrow Wilson, and Richard T. Ely; by relating Turner's reading and class preparations to the emerging thesis; by evoking the social and intellectual climate of the nineties with stress on the closing of the frontier; and by demonstrating the influence on Turner by a score of writers, most notably E. L. Godkin, Walter Bagehot, Henry George, Achille Loria, and Francis A. Walker.

The last third of the book is made up of selected correspondence between Turner and William E. Dodd, Constance Lindsay Skinner, Carl Becker, Merle Curti, and sociologist Luther L. Bernard, in which Turner provides autobiographical detail and speculates upon the formulation of his frontier thesis.

Although Ray Billington confesses at the outset to a "love affair with Turner," he resists the temptation to paint his subject bigger than life. Thus he reveals some failings in Turner, mentioning the frontier historian's intense sense of self-esteem and his obsessive concern with securing his proper place in American historiography, his ineptitude with family finances, and his proclivity for procrastination. He also notes an occasional surprising lapse in memory, as when Turner denied having read Henry George until well after the publication of his famous essay, although the evidence is irrefutable that he was thoroughly familiar with George's views during graduate training and in all likelihood had consulted *Progress and Poverty* while writing the 1893 essay.

Further, Billington readily admits that Turner claimed too much for the western experience in his early essay, resting generalizations on flimsy evidence and drawing examples from a limited segment of the moving frontier. However, Billington insists that Turner's true contribution was to provide a kind of blueprint for probing our past and to "lay down a challenge that occupied historical scholars for generations to come."

A number of historians have been intrigued by the question of influences on Turner and by the processes through which he arrived at his hypothesis; Fulmer Mood, Lee Benson, and Wilbur Jacobs are three that come to mind. But Billington, more than any of his predecessors, has demonstrated the diversity of the factors that led Turner to the formulation of his thesis by making impressive use of the Huntington Library's Turner Papers, along with major Turner collections at the University of Wisconsin, the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and the Houghton Library at Harvard.

In his zeal to get at the essence of Turner's method, Billington resorts to a distillation of psychological theory as to the nature of creative thinking. Unfortunately, the survey of the steps toward the flash of insight that caps the creative process is too cursory to be effective and misses fire—particularly in Turner's case—because Billington believes it likely that no sudden flood of illumination came but rather the thesis was gradually evolved in Turner's mind.

The letters that bring this volume to a close admirably supplement and reinforce Billington's text. They are meticulously edited and provide fascinating glimpses of Turner's approach to the writing and teaching of history.

The elegance of binding and typography comport well with the thoroughness and care Billington lavishes on his subject.

Edwin R. Bingham, *professor of history at the University of Oregon, teaches a seminar in the writing of American biography. He is co-editor (with Robert V. Hine) of* The American Frontier: Readings and Documents *and author of* Charles F. Lummis, Editor of the Southwest.

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—Robert Burnett, Chairman, American Indians & Friends; author of *The Tortured Americans*

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Photo: Richard Erdoes

Conversations With Frank Waters by John R. Milton *(Swallow, Chicago, 1972; 90 pp., illus., biblio., $4.00 cloth, $2.00 paper).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD W. ETULAIN

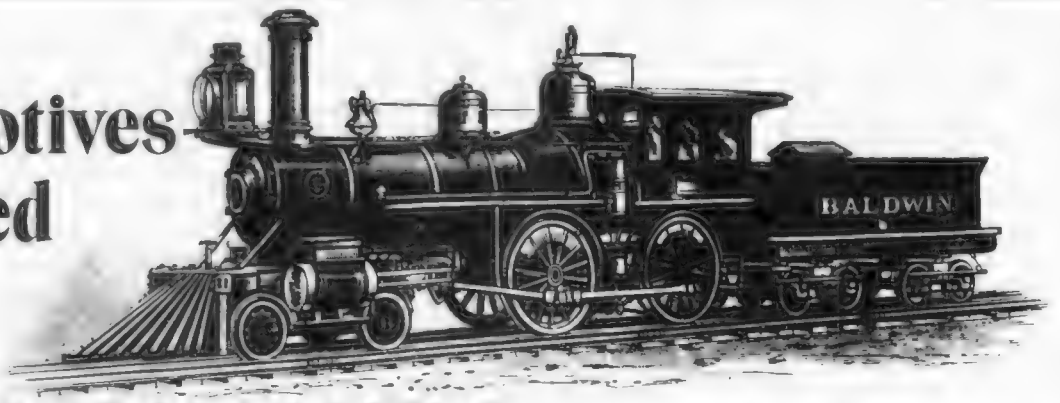
FOR MORE THAN fifteen years John R. Milton has been a leading interpreter of western American writing. In a series of stimulating articles and as editor of the *South Dakota Review*, he has encouraged westerners to pay more attention to the literature of their region. The volume under review reflects a third method Milton has utilized to draw more notice to the literary West: the taped interview.

These seven conversations with Frank Waters reveal his strong attachments to the Southwest and the mixed cultures of that region. Immersed in the native American ceremonialism of the Pueblo and Hopi people, Waters has drawn upon these experiences for his novels—e.g. *The Man Who Killed the Deer*—and has produced some of the best fiction we have about the Indian. The writings of Waters illustrate well Professor Milton's long-held view that western American literature has been "deceptively simple," land-based, and Jungian in approach rather than eastern "metropolitan, or urban, or sophisticated."

These conversations were recorded in 1964 and thus do not deal with three books that Waters has since published. But Milton has succeeded in eliciting comments about the sources and themes of Waters' best-known works, and the major dimensions of his mind and art are clear. Waters' comments about Indian life, particularly that found in and around the Taos Pueblo, are illuminating and especially useful for students hoping to clear away some of the sentimental fog that threatens to obscure our understanding of the American Indian. Those who know Waters through his work—or who have heard him speak—will find additional evidence of his dedication to learning from the experiences of minority cultures. The key, says Waters, is for white Americans "to carry over valid primitive values into modern living." Finally, for students of western literature, these discussions are full of insights into the working habits of a leading western writer.

A bibliography of work by and about Waters completes this brief volume. If these conversations are meant as an appetizer, one hopes that a publisher will soon issue in book form the interviews that Milton conducted with such other western writers as Wallace Stegner, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Harvey Fergusson. Such a volume would be a tempting bill of fare.

Richard W. Etulain *is chairman of the History Department at Idaho State University. A specialist in western American literary history, he has recently published a full-length bibliography of books and articles dealing with western literature.*



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The Passing of the Great West: Selected Papers of George Bird Grinnell by John F. Reiger *(Winchester Press, New York, 1972; 182 pp., intro., illus., biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL (1849–1938) brought to his chosen walks of life a fine intellect, a superior education, and intense practical experience. In Yale's classrooms and laboratories and on the western frontier, he acquired the knowledge, insight, and emotional commitment that enabled him to contribute influentially to his own generation and richly to posterity. As editor of *Forest and Stream* from 1876 to 1911 and as a leader in various conservation associations, he raised a powerful voice in behalf of environmental causes. As an ethnologist he gave the world pioneering studies of the Pawnees and Cheyennes that remain today among the most informative and perceptive works about the Plains Indians. Scholar, scientist, naturalist, sportsman, outdoorsman, editor, publicist, and historian only partly catalog the many roles of this remarkable man.

The Passing of the Great West is in large part Grinnell's own chronicle of his early years on the frontier. His introduction to the West came in 1870, when he persuaded the famed Yale paleontologist O. C. Marsh to include him in a fossil-hunting excursion to Nebraska [see "Fossil Hunting on the Plains of Kansas," in this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST]. For Grinnell, the search for remains of ancient beasts was overshadowed by hunting, fishing, exploring, and fraternizing with frontiersmen, soldiers, and Indians. His recollections of these adventures sparkle with a zest for the untamed, uncrowded, and unpolluted West that conservationist Grinnell later fought to preserve. Subsequent expeditions enlarged his knowledge and experience: with Custer on a gold-discovery romp through the Black Hills in 1874, with Capt. William Ludlow in a reconnaissance of the new national park at the headwaters of the Yellowstone in 1875, and a succession of collecting and hunting and sight-seeing peregrinations throughout the West in the late 1870s. Only a large backlog of work at the Peabody Museum kept him from accepting Custer's invitation to accompany the ill-fated Sioux expedition of 1876. The book ends in the late 1880s with "the passing of the great West" that Grinnell had come to know and love.

The words of this book are mainly Grinnell's, culled by Dr. Reiger from his subject's papers, principally unpublished memoirs, and complemented by connective passages, annotations, and additional citations. The result is an interesting and informative glimpse of young Grinnell, a fresh, original source for several notable expeditions, and a tantalizing promise of a much more significant work to come. Reiger is working on a full and definitive biography of Grinnell. He surely deserves one, and in this creditable work Reiger demonstrates his competence to write it.

Robert M. Utley *is director of the Office of Archeology and Historic Preservation of the National Park Service and a former president of the Western History Association. He has written several books and many articles on the Old West.*

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The Western Peace Officer: A Legacy of Law and Order by Frank Richard Prassel *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 330 pp., illus., biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY WAYNE GARD

MAGNIFYING THE HEROISM and marksmanship of the frontier peace officer has been a favorite occupation of those who write dime novels or make Westerns. Now an overdue serious study of western lawmen strips the halos from men like Wild Bill Hickok and Wyatt Earp, and shows that keeping order in the cow towns and mining camps was mainly a routine task. Frank Richard Prassel notes that gun duels were rare: "Most local lawmen primarily contended with boys playing pranks and an occasional noisy drunk."

Denver records for 1873, for instance, reveal that more than 80 percent of arrests were for drunkenness or being an "inmate of a house of ill fame." Most of the others were for vagrancy, immoderate riding, discharging firearms, selling liquor without a license, or disturbing the peace. Similar data are cited for San Antonio where in one year, in addition to other duties, peace officers had to pick up 3,663 loose dogs in the city streets.

The broad canvas of Prassel embraces, in addition to local marshals and sheriffs, Texas Rangers; Canadian Mounties; Mexican *rurales* (mounted constables); committees of vigilance; Indian policemen; military and other federal enforcement agents; and the often overlooked detectives employed by banks, railroads, and associations of cattlemen. The author shows that most lawmen reflected local attitudes and gave their communities the kind of law enforcement they wanted.

Despite an overuse of long words and an occasional slip—as in having John M. Larn of Texas hanged instead of shot—Dr. Prassel has turned out an admirable book, both as corrective history and as commentary on present conditions. If read by the right people, it should have a salutary effect on pulp Westerns, Hollywood films, and television programs.

Wayne Gard *is the author of six historical books on the West, including* Frontier Justice, The Chisholm Trail, The Great Buffalo Hunt, *and* Rawhide Texas.

Plural Society in the Southwest edited by Edward H. Spicer and Raymond H. Thompson *(Interbook, New York, 1972; 367 pp., intro., maps, biblio., notes, index, $5.95).*

REVIEWED BY CHARLES H. LANGE

THIS VOLUME proved to be a pleasant and thoroughly rewarding surprise; "surprise" because all too often it seems that edited collections of articles contain contributions bearing little relationship to each other or even to the volume itself, or the papers are restatements of data readily available elsewhere, or the contributions are—aside from a few solid treatises—much in the way of "fillers." Finally, the 367-page volume, well printed, bound, and indexed, is listed at the surprisingly modest sum of $5.95.

As the foreword and preface explain, this book is the result of a conference promoted by Richard W. Weatherhead and Richard Eells, of the Weatherhead Foundation, and organized by Edward H. Spicer and Raymond H. Thompson, of the University of Arizona at Tucson.

Subsequently, eleven participants attended the conference at Patagonia, Arizona, in August 1970; eight contributed papers to the resulting volume. Spicer wrote the introduction and also the opening statement, "Plural Society in the Southwest." Other contributions are: Miguel León-Portilla, "The Norteño Variety of Mexican Culture: An Ethnohistorical Approach"; Thomas F. O'Dea, "The Mormons: Church and People"; Robert W. Young, "The Rise of the Navajo Tribe"; Emory Sekaquaptewa, "Preserving the Good Things of Hopi Life"; Ernesto Galarza, "Mexicans in the Southwest: A Culture in Process"; John H. Parry, "Plural Society in the Southwest: A Historical Comment"; and Ithiel de Sola Pool, "Plural Society in the Southwest: A Comparative Perspective." Weatherhead, Eells, and Thompson also attended the conference; the first named wrote the foreword, and the last, the preface.

Collectively, with broad strokes and selected details, the papers explore and elaborate upon the nature of southwestern plural society. While there is some emphasis upon the Arizona material (understandably), there is also reasonable coverage of the Indian, Mexican-American, black, and Anglo-American populations in adjacent regions. Past research is discussed and evaluated in these varying contexts, and considerable space is devoted to anticipation of the future. Attention is given to problems and prospects of ethnic interaction, both in terms of the Southwest itself and also what might be learned for possible application elsewhere in polyethnic situations.

Thus, the volume has importance not only for the Southwest but for areas far beyond, and is strongly recommended.

Charles H. Lange, *chairman of the Anthropology Department at Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, is co-editor of* The Southwestern Journals of Adolph F. Bandelier *and author of* Cochiti: A New Mexico Pueblo, Past and Present.

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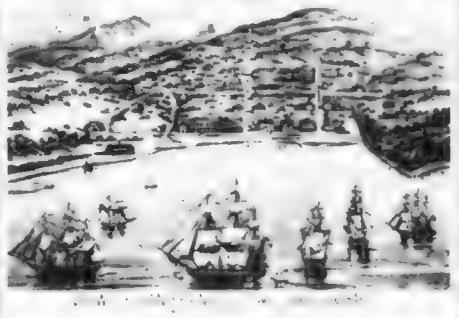

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MY DEAR WISTER

(Continued from page 50)

a matter of time before Alden would assign him to illustrate one of Wister's stories. This was "Balaam and Pedro," first printed in 1893 and one of the early stories which were to be transformed into the narrative of *The Virginian*. It was this story, with its eye-gouging incident, which provided the first occasion of a real difference of opinion between Roosevelt and Wister, one in which Roosevelt finally persevered—a decisive victory. Remington and Wister met while the story was still in press, and though Wister at first was reluctant to accept Remington's offers to collaborate, a circumstantial incident convinced him that the success of his story was due in large part to the illustration. The result was nearly a decade of teamwork, a partnership which also had its effect on the direction of Wister's writing.

In the triangular relationship of Roosevelt-Remington-Wister, the artist seems to have been the odd man out. Roosevelt and Remington never had more than a casual, professional acquaintance, and though the politician admired the artist's work and commissioned the famous (and fictitious) picture of the storming of San Juan Hill, Roosevelt would have found the earthy Remington a trifle too coarse for his tastes. Wister too seems to have kept his collaborator out of his personal life, yet Remington, through his illustrations, linked his name firmly to those two good friends. And though all three contributed their share to the crystallization of the popular idea of the cowboy, the greatest of all American folk heroes, it was Remington's paintings and statues which were the pictorial harbinger of that medium responsible for our present-day notions of the West, a West singularly deficient in just those qualities of moral decency which Roosevelt and Wister together promoted. There are no women save squaws in Remington's paintings, and the only marriage he ever celebrated was that hybrid union of beast and man which produced the celibate centaur of our national mythology. Like Virgil, Remington portrayed arms and the man, and his themes were always violent.

Several years ago, G. Edward White wrote a penetrating study of the efforts of Roosevelt and Wister to establish a synthesis between western rugged independence and eastern habits of order, a "consensus" West that had as its twin paradigms the Rough Riders and *The Virginian*. The coming together in a heroic bond in Cuba of eastern dudes and western cowboys showed that Americans *were* Americans, for all o' that, and when the Virginian married a daughter of New England in the Far West and then went on to make a fortune from his coal lands, why that was reassuring also. Frederick Jackson Turner once wrote that the Captain of Industry was the Old Frontiersman in new guise, and he may very well have had *The Virginian* in mind; but in any event Turner was an important spokesman for the idea of consensus, of the ultimate good to come from the marriage of East and West. Not so Remington, for whom the East and the West were irreconcilable opposites. Instead of viewing the West as a transforming arena, he regarded it as an evanescent phenomenon, like the great desert itself, rugged in appearance but as delicate an ecostructure as a frail cactus flower. The West and the East he saw as worlds apart, and the invasion of the one by the other spelt doom for the last territory of freedom. Alone of the eastern trio, in this as in all other ways, Remington seems to have escaped his heritage almost completely. Perhaps because he came from the upstate New York area that produced Leatherstocking, a country still woodsy enough to evoke a wilderness, Remington was actually able to make the psychic leap proposed by Huckleberry Finn. Lighting out for the vanishing territory of 1885, in a sense he never came back, and his early death in 1909 was as symbolic as Wister's bitter, alienated old age.

Given these psychological and cultural antagonisms, the relationship between Remington and Wister could only have been a sort of uneasy truce, producing a collaborative tension which was suggested but not spelled out in White's study of the three men. Ben Merchant Vorpahl has now written a book which does spell it out, a study which is central to an understanding of what the West, as a literary idea, is all about. Vorpahl occasionally snarls his interweaving relationships (it is not always easy to determine who was doing what when and where), and to my mind he is guilty of occasional overstatements in the service of his thesis. But I say this only to emphasize the positive, because I have not had the pleasure of reading such a well-written, graceful, and even witty treatment of popular culture—which often attracts jargon-laden sociological silliness—in a long time.

Vorpahl is clearly up to as well as onto his subject, and the real subject of his book is Frederic Remington, who comes across in his letters to Wister as a slangy, profane, earthy, gourmandizing, woman-fearing, fat American boy —a three-hundred-pound Huckleberry. Toward the end of this book, I began to sorrow that Remington was never called upon to illustrate Mark Twain's classic. His habits of mind, even his wry turn of phrase, constantly bring Twain to mind, and it seems a shame that somewhere along the way the two great nostalgists did not collaborate. It is clear that they belong to the same camp, the Red Man tribe as opposed to the White Man club that both Philip Rahv and Leslie Fiedler (for different reasons) have defined as the chief split of sensibility in American literature.

Wister, of course, belonged to the White Men, and Vorpahl's study suggests that the relationship between the two men resembled that uneasy friendship between Hawthorne and Melville. Though Remington's artistry was essentially flawed by his mixed motives, and though Wister's craft was similarly marred by commercial and cultural considerations, both men did have ambitions to excel in their chosen fields. The eventual fate of their relationship therefore leads us to consider the fate of American literature as well as the fate of the American West, and such a consideration leads us to the inescapable conclusion that the fate of American literature *was* the fate of the American West, at least so far as the nineteenth century is concerned. Vorpahl's book is therefore an important additional chapter to Edwin Fussell's *Frontier* and Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land*.

As his hyphenated subtitle indicates, Vorpahl relies heavily on the Remington-Wister correspondence preserved in the Wister archives in the Library of Congress, which hyphenate should read "Remington-to-Wister," because

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the correspondence is decidedly one-sided. While Wister had a strong sense of his importance and saved all his received correspondence, his manuscripts and related documents, Remington like Melville was a "burner," and even went so far in his last, reclusive years as to destroy many of his most famous canvases. Few if any letters from Wister to him survive, and Vorpahl has had to rely on Wister's letters to his mother (he wrote regularly to her as long as she lived), to his other associates, and on his western journals for material with which to balance the account. Moreover, Remington was a terse even cryptic though exuberant correspondent, and Vorpahl has had to do a painstaking job of research to determine, often, just what in hell he was talking about in his letters. What Remington did not say is often more important than what he discussed, and the resemblance to Melville's correspondence to Hawthorne is more than superficial.

Like Melville, Remington was the one who did most of the pushing, again and again extending futile invitations to Wister to come "up" for a visit. But this one-sidedness took a sudden reversal once Remington began to cast his future fame in bronze and think of abandoning illustration and painting forever. It seems quite clear that Remington's interest in Wister was dictated by professional not personal considerations, that Wister's stories created opportunities for illustration and income. Throughout, Remington indulges in heavy-handed kidding about Wister's unlikely role as western writer, and his remarks about the ephemeral nature of print and paper were similarly pointed. Wister, for his part, seems to have remained rather condescending toward his partner, regarding him as a "mere" illustrator, until that talk about bronze and immortality began. Wister then turned suitor, but it was too late. By then certain troublesome matters of collaboration had gone awry, and the never more than imperfect sympathies between two thin-skinned artists quickly soured.

The partnership ended virtually on the eve of the publication of *The Virginian*, and Remington did not illustrate Wister's famous book. He had, however, illustrated a number of the stories from which the novel was derived, and Vorpahl makes it abundantly clear that Wister's slow drift (under the genteel influence of what Remington called "upholstery of a library chair," referring to eastern editors) toward an easternized, school-marmalade West contributed greatly to the estrangement. Like Roosevelt, Wister was from the beginning a latter-day Parkman, a romantic historian of the West, who knew better than he wrote and used his journal material to structure a consensus West—a territory of the mind. Remington, though at the outset a realist, became increasingly withdrawn and mystical as the West that he had known disappeared. *His* West, that is to say, became a territory of the heart.

But until this drift separated the two men, there was nearly a decade of often intense collaboration of artist and writer, one which transcended the usual relationship. If Roosevelt held Wister in a thrall of personality, Remington too had his attractions, and though it was Remington who paid court to Wister, it was the writer who seems to have been the chief beneficiary of the arrangement. The main purpose of Vorpahl's study is to demonstrate the deeper literary aspects of the Remington-Wister partnership, aspects which have hitherto been unknown, and what emerges is, like the correspondence, one-sided. First, there is the extent of Wister's indebtedness to Remington for "material," for like Wister's journal, Remington was crammed full of firsthand western experience. Thus Wister's early and important essay, "The Evolution of the Cowboy," is shown to have been indebted to the artist for far more than its illustrations. Secondly, Vorpahl demonstrates that Wister had an ideational (ideological might be a better word) debt as well. Not only the facts and anecdotes in "The Evolution of the Cowboy" were borrowed from Remington, but the main thesis as well, a thesis which was twisted out of a Remington essay, "The Horse of the Plains," and which became the main ontological support of *The Virginian*.

It was Wister's idea, an early manifestation of his chauvinistic Anglophilia, that the cowboy was a last avatar of the old Anglo-Saxon spirit, a veritable knight of the prairie. That the real cowboy was as often Negro or Irish or Swedish as

English in his origins did not hinder Wister, any more than the presence of two black regiments in the Cuban campaign darkened Roosevelt's white-on-white "consensus." The posterity of Wister and Roosevelt is necessarily clouded by the outright bigotry of the one and the politically veiled but undeniable racist notions of the other. Remington was even more guilty in this regard, and his letters are filled with "hebes" and "dagos" and "niggers," nor did he ever take the opportunity to celebrate the passing of the black cowboy. But so far as "The Evolution" is concerned, Wister's indebtedness to him concerns an essay in which Remington's racism is, if anything, sublimated. The point of "The Horse of the Plains" was that the animal that made the cowboy such a significant figure was essentially the horse of the Spanish conquistadores, the Arabian Barbary, or "Barb." Conquistador, vaquero, Indian, cowboy—all western men rode the same mount, and Remington's illustrations supposedly demonstrated this neohippean nongenesis.

As Wister begged and borrowed cowboy etymologies and like data from Remington, so did he pirate his Barbary thesis, for his theory of the "pure" Anglo-Saxon cowboy was obviously derived from the thesis about the "pure" Barbary strain—that is, he substituted the Anglo-Saxon knight for the Arabian horse. Remington knew that Wister's thesis was so much wishful thinking, but since their partnership had just begun and was important to him, he kept quiet and did the illustrations required of him—even a mawkish "The Last Cavalier," which shows a cowboy riding along against a ghostly backdrop of knightly, Anglo-Saxon predecessors. So antithetical was this subject to Remington's own conceptions and techniques (his skies, as Vorpahl points out, are western: big and empty) that it is clearly an inferior picture, and yet its original seems to have been the only recorded acquisition of Remington's work by Wister. Though it was untypical of the painter, the subject matter was endemic to the writer's view of history; it helped provide the subsequent rationale for the distortions of form and fact that went into the writing of *The Virginian*.

Still, the evolution of Wister's ultimate cowboy was a slow, ten-year metamorphosis. His earliest stories, the ones that Remington illustrated, were among his most realistic, and so long as Wister stuck fairly close to his journals and his recollections, Remington was delighted to illustrate them. But as the character of the Virginian gradually began to evolve from a slangy, simple, even comic cowpoke to a version of flowering knighthood, Remington became less comfortable. In time he grew resentful of having to depict a West and a cowboy that had become a creation of an eastern sensibility. At about this point in their joint career, Remington began to write short stories himself, and though he may have been Wister's inferior in this regard, there is no doubt but that the West he wrote about was the tragic and evanescent ground of his, not Wister's, imagination. Vorpahl demonstrates, in fact, that Remington's stories are a tacit argument, a quiet rebuttal.

Like Wister, Remington began by writing a series of short stories concerning one character, "Sundown LeFlare," a half-breed cowboy and scout who tells his stories in a heavy dialect to the narrator, a convention which Wister relied on also. But where all of Wister's white heroes make their separate peace with the regulating, marriage-and-business-oriented spirit of the East, Sundown LeFlare is at heart a renegade, a picaro, an illiterate "breed." Wister also wrote admiringly of the Indian, but as the title of his first collection of stories, *Red Men and White*, suggests, the union for him was never more than conterminous. For Remington, the mixture of bloods was catalytic and fated, and Vorpahl makes clear enough the antagonisms — between East and West and Wister and Remington — which went into the creation of Sundown LeFlare.

These antagonisms are even more obvious in Remington's novel, *John Ermine of the Yellowstone*, published late in the same year that *The Virginian* appeared, and obviously written as a response to that book. *John Ermine* is a minor work of art but a major indeed initiatory stage in an important subliterary genre, the latter-day recrudescence of noble savagery with a distinctly Nietzschean twist which resulted in such disparate novels as Jack London's *Call of the Wild*, Ernest Thompson Seton's *Two Little Savages* and Cyrus Townsend Brady's *The*

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Island of Regeneration, and which is epitomized by Burroughs' *Tarzan of the Apes*. Vorpahl does not discuss the possibility of this genesis, but surely the story of a noble and titled Englishman who is orphaned in the jungle but survives to rule over all animate nature red in tooth and claw, and who returns eventually to England to resume the station and duties which he has inherited (only to return finally to the jungle), though containing obvious suggestions of Wister's Anglo-Saxon cowboy thesis, is actually closer to *John Ermine*.

Where Tarzan is adopted by "anthropoid apes," Ermine is kidnapped by Indians, and grows up in savage surroundings. Eventually he is reclaimed by a hermit of the mountains, a white recluse who takes it upon himself to teach the young boy the ways of his people. Growing to young manhood, John Ermine goes to live among other white men, as a scout for a cavalry troop. There he meets and falls in love with a daughter of one of the senior officers, the consensual theme. But though he is white, handsome and as blonde as a Viking, John Ermine is a savage at heart, not an English gentleman, and his rejection by the girl results in a vengeful finale which ends with his death — by the hand of an Indian he insulted. By means of his fable, Remington hoped to disprove Wister's thesis, deny the consensus interpretation, and lay to rest that old romantic trope of a noble-blooded hero in rags. It was a large order, and as the popularity of *The Virginian* and *Tarzan* suggests, he was not successful in carrying it out.

Though *John Ermine* was well received and went through several printings, it never matched the éclat of *The Virginian*. Even Henry James admired Wister's novel, though with a few telling reservations. James praised the characters and setting of *The Virginian* but did not much like the ending. In his stories of Americans abroad, James had revealed his own disinclination to arrive at consensus. He refused to provide the marriage in *The American* which Howells begged him to include, and in *Daisy Miller* he gave his rustic little heroine a tragic death in Rome. James wanted Wister's hero to have the same fate: "I should have made him perish in his flower and in some splendid and somber way." Though James did not read and perhaps could not have read Remington's novel, he certainly would have found there an ending to his liking.

For James and Remington, in their far different ways, both belong to that odd fraternity founded by Cooper and continued by Melville and Mark Twain, that tradition in American literature which regards innocence and savagery as not permanent and enduring but fragile and fleeting qualities. If *John Ermine* throws a different perspective on *The Virginian*, it likewise illuminates the western implications of Billy Budd (who also "perishes in his flower") and suggests what might have happened had Huck Finn managed to get West and have those wild adventures amongst the Injuns. For all its faults, *John Ermine* is one of the missing links of American literature, and Ben Vorpahl is to be thanked for providing us with the details of its genesis.

John Seelye *is the author of several books, including the western novel* The Kid *(Viking, 1972).*

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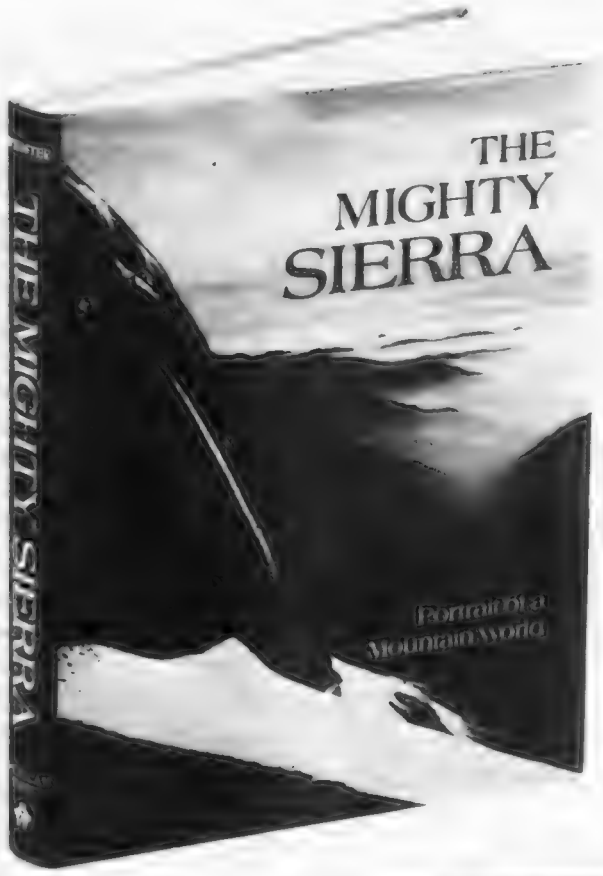

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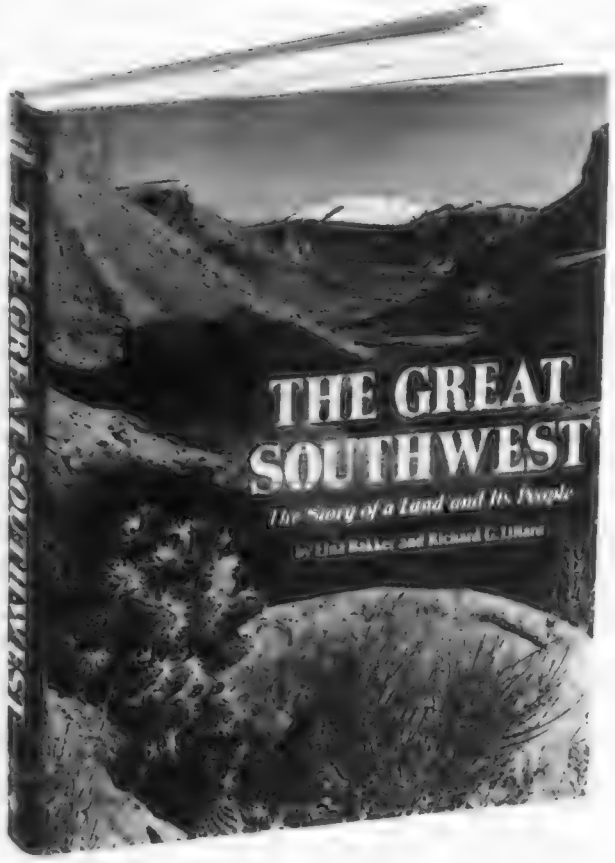

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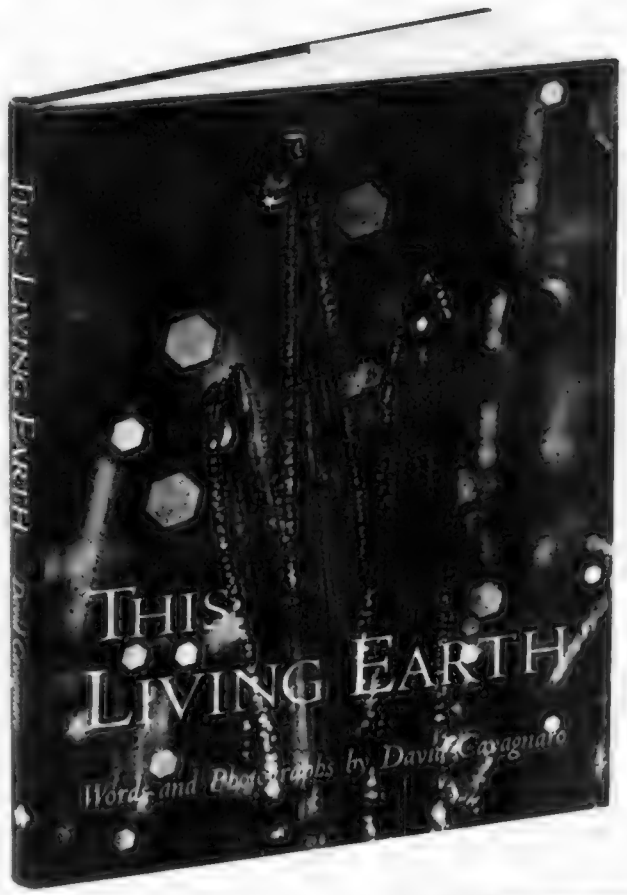

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(Continued from page 9)

Callender Irvine Fayssoux, the seventy-ton *Granada,* with two six-pounders and twenty-five men, encountered H.M.S. *Esk,* a large, heavily armed steamer with several hundred men.

The *Granada* had been riding at anchor in San Juan harbor when the *Esk* came in, challenging her. To the captain of the *Esk,* Sir Robert McClure, Fayssoux sent word that the *Granada* was a schooner-of-war flying the ensign of the new Republic of Nicaragua. Three times the captain of the *Esk* requested that Fayssoux make his presence and commission known to him, or be sunk. Three times Fayssoux refused, in terms conveying that McClure should "go to hell." Fayssoux achieved a standoff, and Walker later demanded and received an apology from the Englishman. McClure, after the meeting with Walker, stated: "If he had another schooner, I do believe he would declare war on Great Britain."

The odds, however, were overwhelming. The combination of Commodore Vanderbilt's wealth and the two great world powers—the United States and Britain—placed a heavy burden on Walker. Accordingly, on May 1, 1857, under the order of Comdr. Charles N. Davis of the U.S. sloop-of-war *St. Mary,* Walker, under protest, surrendered his command and adopted country.

Although shunned by official Washington, Walker was without doubt a hero in his native country. He traveled the width and breadth of the South and East, and was banqueted from Baltimore to New Orleans.

Within a month, Walker had collected enough money to try his fortunes in Nicaragua once again. He was stopped and returned by the U.S. Navy, however, and this time specifically forbidden by President Buchanan to take part in any more Central American schemes. Walker made still another attempt, only to be beaten by a storm which shipwrecked him and his men in Honduras.

The ill fortune that had dogged him from the beginning continued; the British, who controlled Honduras, were soon hot on his trail, Walker was captured and against the word of Captain Salmon, commander of the British man-of-war *Scarus,* turned over to the Hondurans.

Salmon obtained release for all of Walker's men, but not for Walker himself. He informed the filibuster that he would intercede in his behalf only as an American citizen, not a Nicaraguan.

Embittered by the treatment he had received at the hands of his own government, Walker refused to turn to it for assistance, answering proudly: "The president of Nicaragua is a citizen of Nicaragua," and turned his back on the Englishman who had betrayed him.

He was tried by court-martial on September 11, 1860, and, after the barest of formalities, sentenced to be shot at daybreak the following morning. Walker waved away the handkerchief with which he would have been blindfolded. Cool and proud, his haunting eyes staring out at the Honduran muskets as though he were still commanding his phalanx, Walker fell.

On September 12, 1860, the "Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny" met his own destiny, believing to the very end that what he had done for Nicaragua had been preordained and that he had died in its interest.

Walter W. Crites *is chief publications engineer for an international architect-engineering company, and his job has taken him to many countries, including Nicaragua.*

RUMRUNNERS ON PUGET SOUND

(Continued from page 33)

Marinoff lost his boat, but like others it was auctioned again. Less than a year later Grandad was watching the steamer *Mukilteo* traveling south through Admiralty Inlet. Something seemed wrong—too many deckhouses. Upon investigation, he found the *Alice,* now numbered the *M817,* on the other side, operated by another crew. More shots were fired while the men frantically dumped their sacks. Since none remained by the time the *Arcata* caught it, the *M817* was allowed to proceed. (The liquor was later reported to have been hijacked from the Canadian boat *Pauline.*)

The Coast Guard and the Prohibition administration were opposed to the boat auctions, but there was little they could legally do. Appropriations were beginning to increase, and they could sometimes afford to take over the faster boats for their own use. But there were other ways. Sometimes, after the liquor was removed, the boat might be towed just a bit too fast, causing it to go under. Or, occasionally, someone would be careless about how the boats in stowage were moored when stormy weather was approaching. But most boats made it back to the auction stand.

By the middle of 1924 Grandad had become a local legend. It seemed to the "wets" that such an efficient officer should not be unrewarded. He received orders to take command of one of the new 110-foot tugs the Coast Guard was building—in Baltimore. The strategy worked until Senator Wesley L. Jones, the champion of the Washington State "dry" forces, heard about it. He wrote the commandant of the Coast Guard: "I have been informed that Lonsdale is likely to be transferred to an Eastern Port. If such be the case, the last man in our pay who is wise to rumrunning in the sound will be sent out of the district. Without him our chances of preventing the rum traffic will be nil. Olmstead is about to commission a 100-foot, 900-H.P., 40-knot booze boat."

Olmstead finished his super forty-knot booze boat driven by three Curtis-Wrights. He affectionately named it *Elsie*

after his wife. The boat's career ended prematurely, however, when she exploded on a trial run. Another of Olmstead's boats, the *Eva B.*, was captured by Prohibition agents. After extensive grilling, the boat crew told all they knew. Smelling blood, the U.S. district attorney ordered two full-time wiretappers to monitor Olmstead's lines. In November 1924, the district attorney led a raid on Olmstead's home, gathering all the records and liquor he could find. As a result, in January 1925 a federal grand jury returned indictments against Olmstead and more than eighty of his employees. Some of the most trusted members of his organization began to desert to the other side.

During the early morning hours of Thanksgiving 1925, on Woodmont Beach, a gang of men was unloading a boat. The lights came on and shots rang out. Prohibition agents captured Olmstead with the evidence at his feet.

The conspiracy trial that began on January 19, 1926, in the U.S. district court in Seattle, became nationally known as the "Whispering Wires Case." It was appealed all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court on the premise that wiretapping violated the Fourth and Fifth amendments. At the Supreme Court, Olmstead lost by a five to four decision.

Grandad was now needed much of the time as a government witness for the huge backlog of bootlegging cases that were beginning to come to trial. He and the *Arcata* were replaced by younger men and newer boats. They were new seventy-five footers driven by Sterling engines that pushed them along at seventeen knots. Each had a one-pounder forward and a Lewis machine gun aft. By 1928, twenty-two Coast Guard vessels patrolled the sound. Then, in 1930, Grandad retired.

So ended the first phase of the rum war on Puget Sound. It had started with the feeling that it wasn't wrong to break an unjust law—that to smuggle as a sideline would hurt no one. It was "respectable" crime to which millions of Americans gave enduring sympathy. But as stakes grew and rewards became enormous, the old school of gentleman smugglers and law enforcers were replaced by more ruthless men. The war continued until repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the author and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Commandant or the Coast Guard at large.

Adrian L. Lonsdale *is commanding officer of the icebreaker* Edisto *and is the author of numerous magazine articles on maritime topics. Papers left to Captain Lonsdale by his grandfather—the Chief Boatswain Loren A. Lonsdale mentioned in the above account—provided much of the background material for his story of rum-running on Puget Sound.*

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

(Continued from page 20)

hand, opposites often team up. Quiet, reserved Tom probably pulled loud-mouthed, gregarious Ike out of many a tight spot. When Tom became involved in the Earp-Clanton feud and needed him, Ike ran.

Morgan Earp. Wyatt's younger brother resembled him and no doubt tried to imitate him, but he lacked his cold, calculating methods. Morgan was probably torn between following in his brother's footsteps and running with somebody like Billy Clanton. Blood finally won out, and he accompanied Wyatt to the OK Corral, where he participated in the killing of a young fellow who was much like himself.

Billy Clanton. A boy still in his teens, he is the television western casting director's dream—the prototype for the "cocky, headstrong, punk kid" traveling in bad company. It is not difficult to imagine him, after being mortally wounded, raising himself up and trying to get off "one more shot."

Wyatt Earp. Frontier marshal or frontier con man? Perhaps a little of both! Was the gun battle at the OK Corral a case of "thieves falling out"? Ike Clanton was supposed to be Wyatt's primary target on October 26, 1881, but, if so, how did he escape with his life? When Wyatt had Ike right up close, why did he allow him to get away? Some accounts say shots were fired at Ike, but, despite the fact that Earp's image as a crack shot does not hold up, it is almost inconceivable he could have been *that* bad.

In a sense, Wyatt's indictment of the Clantons as contact men for the outlaws operating in the territory and their political patrons is a charge against himself. Surely, the photograph under analysis shows the Earps and Clantons to have been "thick." They remind one of the line, "A bunch of the boys were whoopin' it up . . ." from Robert W. Service's classic piece of verse, *The Shooting of Dan McGrew.*

The cliché "a picture is worth a thousand words" may prove more than valid in this instance when one considers the volume of words written about the Earps and their contemporaries. There is a special joy in the poetic justice served up by this historic tableau in that it sends a figurative fusillade in the direction of the legend makers and debunkers—one of such magnitude that it is capable of dealing a simultaneous death blow to their respective claims:

Legend makers: Earps = Goodies. Clantons = Baddies.

Debunkers: Merely reverse the above.

In addition, each would have us believe the Earps and Clantons would not come within twenty feet of one another without slinging lead and/or running for their lives. In reality, the stream of life passing through Tombstone was a bit more muddied than that.

I can't help experiencing an eerie feeling as I look into the eyes of these men who stare back at me from another century. They seem to be saying, "Here is what we *really* are."

George Hart *is a free-lance writer and collector of photographs whose specialty is the Old West.*

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